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"LIBERTY, HOLINESS, LOVE."

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RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

LUTHER BEFORE THE DIET OF WORMS.

We have never met with a more graphic and striking description of Luther before the Imperial Diet, than the following, given by D'Aubigne in his history of the Reformation in Germany and Switzerland. It is long for a newspaper extract, but we feel confident that it will be read with deep interest.

'Four o'clock arrived. The Marshal of the Empire appeared. Luther prepared to set out. God had heard his prayers; he was calm when he quitted the hotel. The herald walked first. Next came the Marshal of the Empire, followed by the Reformer. The crowd that thronged the streets was yet more dense than on the preceeding evening. It was not possible to advance—it was in vain that orders were given to make way;—the crowd was increasing. At last the herald, seeing the impossibility of reaching the Town Hall, demanded admission into some private houses, and conducted Luther through the gardens and back ways to the place where the Diet was assembled.

As he drew near the door which was to admit him to the presence of his judges, he was met by a valiant knight, George Freundsberg, who, four years afterwards, attended by his followers, couched his lance at the battle of Pavia, and bearing down the left of the French army, drove it into the Tessino, and decided the captivity of the King of France. This old general, seeing Luther pass, touched him on the shoulder, and shaking his head, blanched in many battles, said kindly, 'My poor monk, my poor monk, thou hast a march and a struggle to go through, such as neither I nor many other captains have seen the like in our most bloody battles. But if thy cause be just, and thou art sure of it, go forward in God's name, and fear nothing! He will not forsake thee!' A noble tribute rendered by martial spirit to the courage of the soul. 'He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city,' was the word of a king.

And now the doors of the hall were thrown open,—Luther entered, and many who formed no part of the Diet gained admission with him. Never had any man appeared, before so august an assembly. The Emperor Charles V., whose kingdom extended across both hemispheres,—his brother the Archduke Ferdinand,—six Electors of the Empire, most of whose successors are now crowned heads,—twenty-four dukes, many of them territorial sovereigns, and among whom were some who bore a name in after times held in fear and horror by the nations who accepted the Reformation—(the Duke of Alva and his two sons)—eight margraves,—thirty archbishops, bishops, and prelates,—seven ambassadors, including those of France and England,—the deputies of ten free cities,—a number of princes, counts, and barons of rank,—the Pope's Nuncios,—in all two hundred persons. Such was the imposing assemblage, before which stood Martin Luther.

His appearance there was of itself a signal victory over the Papacy. The man whom the Pope had condemned stood before a tribunal raised by that very fact above the Pope's authority. Placed under interdict, and struck out from human fellowship by the Pope,—he was cited in respectful terms, and received before the noblest of human auditories. The Pope had decreed that his lips should be closed for ever,—and he was about to unclose them in presence of thousands assembled from the remotest countries of Christendom. Thus had an immense revolution been effected by his means; Rome was brought down from her seat, and the power that thus humbled her was the word of a monk.

Some Princes who were near him, observing the humble son of the miner of Madsfield awed and affected in this assembly of sovereigns, approached him kindly. One of them whispered, 'Fear not them who are able to kill the body, and cannot destroy the soul.' Another whispered to him, 'When you are brought before kings it shall be given to you by the Spirit of your Father what you shall say.' Thus was the monk strengthened with his Master's words by the great ones of this world.

Meanwhile the guards made way for Luther. He stepped forward, and found himself in front of the throne of Charles V. All eyes were turned upon him. The confusion was stilled, and there was a profound silence. 'Say nothing until a question is put to you,' said the Marshal of the Empire as he quitted him.

After a moment's solemn pause, John *Eck*, the Chancellor of the Archbishop of Treves, and the friend of Alexander, whom we must not confound with the theologian of that name, rose, and in a clear and sonorous accent, first in Latin and then in German, said:

'Martin Luther, his sacred and invincible Majesty has cited you before his throne, acting on the opinion and advice of the States of the Holy Roman Empire, to cause you to answer to these questions. First: Do you acknowledge these writings to have been composed by you?' At the same time the speaker pointed with his finger to about twenty volumes placed on a table in the centre of the hall, immediately before Luther. 'I could not guess where they had obtained them,' said Luther, relating the fact; it was Alexander who had taken the trouble to collect them. 'Secondly,' continued the Chancellor, 'Are you prepared to retract these works, and the propositions contained therein, or do you persist in what you have therein advanced?'

Luther, without faltering, was about to answer the first question in the affirmative, when Jerome Schurff, hastily interrupting him, exclaimed aloud, 'Let their titles be read.'

The Chancellor advancing to the table read the titles. There were in the number several works of a devotional character, and altogether unconnected with the controverted points.

The enumeration being gone through, Luther spoke as follows, first in Latin, then in German:—

'Most gracious Emperor, Princes, and Lords!

'His Imperial Majesty puts to me two questions.

'As to the first, I acknowledge the books, the names of which have been read, to be of my writing; I cannot deny them.

'As to the second, seeing that it is a question which has reference to faith, and the salvation of souls,—a question which concerns the word of God, the greatest and most precious treasure of heaven or earth,—I should act rashly if I were to answer without reflection. I might say less than the circumstances demands, or more than truth requires, and so sin against that word of Christ,—*Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I deny before my Father who is in heaven.* Therefore it is that I most humbly desire his Imperial Majesty to allow me time, that I may answer without offending against the word of God.'

This reply, far from countenancing the supposition of indecision in Luther, was worthy of the Reformer and of the assembly. It was fit that he should act calmly and circumspectly in a question of such grave importance, that this solemn moment of his life might be clear from the suspicion of passion or precipitancy. Besides by taking reasonable time, the deliberate firmness of his resolution would be the more strikingly apparent. Many men in the history of the world have brought great evils on themselves and their contemporaries by a hasty word. Luther restrained his own naturally impetuous temper:—he suppressed the words that were on his tongue and kept silence, when all the feelings that inspired him, struggled to find utterance. This self-command and calmness, so unusual in such a man, increased his power a hundred-fold, and enabled him afterwards to answer with a prudence, a force, and a dignity, which baulked the expectations of his enemies, and confounded their pride and malice.

Nevertheless, as his tone had been respectful, many thought he was wavering. A ray of hope appeared for the Roman courters. Charles, eager to know more of a man whose teaching disturbed the Empire, had observed him narrowly. Turning to one of his courtiers, he remarked contemptuously, 'Certainly that man will never induce me to turn heretic.' Then rising from his seat, the young Emperor, attended by his ministers, withdrew to the council chamber;—the Electors assembled in another apartment together with the Princes;—the deputies of the free cities in a third. The Diet on re-assembling agreed to grant the request. It was a notable blunder in men actuated by passion and prejudice.

'Martin Luther,' said the Chancellor of Treves, 'his Imperial Majesty, acting in the goodness of his nature, consents to allow you one day's delay; but on condition that you make answer by word of mouth, and not in writing.'

Immediately the Imperial herald came forward and conducted Luther back to the hotel. Threats and shouts accompanied him through the crowd;—alarming reports reached his friends. 'The Diet is displeased,' it was said: 'the Pope's envoys triumph; the Reformer will fall a victim.' Men's passions were roused. Some gentlemen repaired in haste to Luther. 'Doctor,' said they in agitation, 'what is all this? They say they are resolved to bring you to the stake. . . . . If they dare attempt it' he added, 'it shall be at the peril of their lives.' 'And it would have been so,' said Luther, repeating their words at Eisleben twenty years later.

On the other hand, Luther's enemies were all confidence. 'He has begged for time;' said they, 'he is going to retract. At a distance his speech was arrogant;—but now his courage forsakes him. . . He is conquered.

Luther was perhaps the only person at Worms perfectly undisturbed. A few minutes after his return home from the Diet he wrote to the counsellor Cuspianus: 'I am writing to you from the very midst of a tempest (perhaps he alluded to the noise of the crowd outside his hotel.) An hour ago I appeared before the Emperor and his brother. . . . . I avowed myself the author of my books, and I have promised to give my answer to-morrow, as to recantation. By the help of Jesus Christ, I will not retract a single letter of my writings.' * * *

Luther composed his thoughts. He felt that tranquillity of soul without which man can do nothing truly great. He prayed;—he read the Word of God;—he glanced over his own writings, and endeavored to give a suitable form to his answer. The thought that he was about to bear testimony for Jesus Christ and his word, in the face of the Emperor and of the whole Empire, dilated his heart with joy! The moment when he was to make his appearance was approaching. He drew near the table on which the volume of the Holy Scriptures lay open, placed his left hand upon it, and raising the other towards heaven, he vowed to adhere constantly to the Gospel, and to confess his faith freely, even though he should be called to seal his confession with his blood. This done, he felt the peace of his soul increased.

At four o'clock the herald presented himself, and conducted Luther to the hall of the Diet. The general curiosity was extreme, for the answer was to be decisive. The Diet being engaged in deliberation, Luther was obliged to wait in the court, surrounded by a dense crowd, eagerly moving to and fro, and resembling a sea of heads. For two hours, the Reformer was hemmed in by the multitude pressing to see him. 'I was not used,' said he, 'to such ways and noises.' To an ordinary man this would have been a grievous hindrance to preparedness of mind. But Luther was walking with God. His look was serene; his features unruffled. The Eternal was placing him on a rock. Evening began to close in, and the torches were lighted in the hall. Their light gleamed through the ancient painted glass to the court beyond, and the whole scene wore an aspect of more than common solemnity. At length the Doctor was admitted. Many persons obtained admission with him, for every one was desirous to hear his answer. The Princes having taken their seats, and Luther being again in presence of Charles V.—the Chancellor of the Elector of Treves broke silence, and said:

'Martin Luther, you requested yesterday a delay which is now expired. Certainly the Diet was not bound in justice to accede to your desire, since every man should be so grounded in his faith as to be able at all times to give an answer to those who ask him; much more one who is an eminent and learned doctor in the Scriptures. . . . Now, therefore, answer the enquiry of his Majesty, who has manifested so much indulgence. Are you prepared to defend all that your writings contain, or do you wish to retract any part of them?'

After having spoken these words, the Chancellor repeated them in German.

'Hereupon,' say the Acts of Worms, 'Doctor Martin Luther made answer in a low and humble tone, without any vehemence or violence, but with gentleness and mildness, and in a manner full of respect and diffidence, yet with much joy and Christian firmness.'

'Most Serene Emperor, and you, illustrious Princes and gracious Lords,' said Luther, turning towards Charles, and looking round the assembly, 'I this day appear before you in all humility, according to your command, and I implore your Majesty and your august Highnesses, by the mercies of God, to listen with favor to the defence of a cause which I am well assured is just and right. I ask pardon, if by reason of my ignorance, I am wanting in the manners that befit a court; for I have not been brought up in king's palaces,—but in the seclusion of a cloister.

'Two questions were yesterday put to me by his Imperial Majesty; the first, whether I was the author of the boo's whose titles were read: the second, whether I wished to revoke or defend the doctrine I have taught. I answered the first, and I adhere to that answer.

'As to the second, I have composed writings on very different subjects. In some I have discussed Faith and Good Works, in a spirit at once so pure, clear, and Christian, that even my adversaries themselves, far from finding anything to censure, confess that these writings are profitable, and deserve to be persued by devout persons. The Pope's bull, violent as it is—acknowledges this. What then should I be doing if I were now to retract these writings? Wretched man! I alone, of all men living, should be abandoning truths, approved by the unanimous voice of friends and enemies, and opposing doctrines that the whole world glories in confessing.

'I have composed, secondly, certain works against Popery, wherein I have attacked such, as by false doctrines, irregular lives, and scandalous examples, afflict the Christian world, and ruin the bodies and souls of men. And is not this confirmed by the grief of all who fear God? Is it not manifest that the laws and human doctrines of the Popes entangle, vex, and distress the consciences of the faithful, whilst the crying and endless extortions of Rome engulf the property and wealth of Christendom, and more particularly of this illustrious nation?

'If I were to revoke what I have written on that subject, what should I do . . . but strengthen this tyranny, and open a wider door to so many and flagrant impieties?* Bearing down all resistance with fresh fury, we should behold these proud men swell, foam, and rage more than ever! And not merely would the yoke which now weighs down Christians be made more grinding by my retractation,—it would thereby become, so to speak, lawful,—for, by my retraction, it would receive confirmation from your most Serene Majesty, and all the States of the Empire. Great God! I should thus be like to an infamous cloak, used to hide and cover over every kind of malice and tyranny.

'In the third and last place,—I have written some books against private individuals, who had undertaken to defend the tyranny of Rome by destroying the faith. I freely confess that I may have attacked such persons with more violence than was consistent with my profession as an ecclesiastic; I do not think of myself as a saint;—but neither can I retract these books, because I should, by so doing, sanction the impieties of my opponents; and they would thence take occasion to crush God's people with still more cruelty.

'Yet, as I am a mere man, and not God, I will defend myself after the example of Jesus Christ, who said: '*If I have spoken evil, bear witness against me.*' (John xviii. 23.) How much more should I, who am but dust and ashes, and so prone to error, desire that every one should bring forward what he can against my doctrine.

'Therefore, most Serene Emperor, and you illustrious Princes, and all, whether high or low, who hear me, I implore you by the mercies of God to prove to me by the writings of the prophets and apostles that I am in error. As soon as I shall be convinced, I will instantly retract all my errors, and will myself be the first to seize my writings, and commit them to the flames.

'What I have just said I think will clearly show, that I have well considered and weighed the dangers to which I am exposing myself; but far from being dismayed by them, I rejoice exceedingly to see the Gospel this day, as of old, a cause of disturbance and disagreement. It is the character and destiny of God's word. '*I came not to send peace upon the earth, but a sword,*' said Jesus Christ. God is wonderful and awful in his counsels. Let us have a care, lest in our endeavors to arrest discords, we be found to fight against the holy word of God and bring down upon our heads a frightful deluge of inextricable dangers, present disaster, and everlasting desolations . . . . Let us have a care lest the reign of the young and noble Prince, the Empero- Charles, on whom, next to God, we build so many hopes, should not only commence, but continue and terminate its course under the most fatal auspices. I might cite examples drawn from the oracles of God,' continued Luther, speaking with noble courage in the presence of the mightiest monarch of the world. 'I might speak of Pharaohs,—of kings of Babylon, or of Israel, who were never more contributing to their own ruin, than when, by measures in appearance most prudent, they thought to establish their authority! God removeth the mountains and they know not. (Job. ix. 5.)

'In speaking thus, I do not suppose that such noble Princes have need of my poor judgment; but I wish to acquit myself of a duty that Germany has a right to expect from her children. And so commending myself to your August Majesty, and your most Serene Highnesses, I beseech you in all humility, not to permit the hatred of my enemies to rain upon me an indignation I have not deserved.'

Luther had pronounced these words in German, with modesty, and yet with much earnestness and resolution; he was desired to repeat them in Latin: (the Emperor was not fond of German.) The splendid assembly which surrounded the Reformer, its noise and excitement had exhausted him. 'I was bathed in sweat,' said he, 'and standing in the centre of the Princes.' Frederic of Thun, confidential consellor of the Elector of Saxony, who by his master's orders had taken his stand at the Reformer's side, to guard him against surprise or violence, seeing the exhaustion of the poor monk, said, 'If you are not equal to the exertion of repeating your speech, what you have said will suffice.' But Luther, having taken a moment's breathing time, began again, and repeated his address in Latin with undiminished power.

'The Elector was quite pleased with that,' said the Reformer, when relating the circumstance.

As soon as he stopped speaking, the Chancellor of Treves, spokesman of the Diet, said angrily:—

You have not given any answer to the enquiry put to you. You are not to question the decisions of the Councils,—you are required to return a clear and distinct answer. Will you, or will you not retract?' Luther then answered unhesitatingly:—'Since your most Serene Majesty and your High Mightinesses require of me a simple, clear, and direct answer, I will give one, and it is this:—I cannot submit my faith either to the Pope or to the Councils,—because it is as clear as noon-day that they have often fallen into error, and even into glaring inconsistency with themselves. If then I am not convinced by proof from Holy Scripture or by cogent reasons; if I am not satisfied by the very texts that I have cited; and if my judgment is not in this way brought into subjection to God's word, I neither can nor will retract any thing: for it cannot be right for a Christian to speak against his conscience.' Then turning a look on that assembly before whom he stood, and which held in its hands his life or death: 'I stand here, and can say no more:—*God help me.* Amen.'

The assembly was motionless with astonishment. Several of the Princes present could scarcely conceal their admiration. The Emperor, recovering from first impressions exclaimed, 'The monk speaks with an intrepid heart and unshaken courage.' The Spaniards and Italians alone were confounded, and soon began to ridicule a moral grandeur which they could not comprehend.

'If you do not retract,' resumed the Chancellor, as soon as the assembly had recovered from the impression produced by Luther's speech,—'the Emperor and the States of the Empire will proceed to consider how to deal with an obstinate heretic.' At these words Luther's friends trembled;—but the monk repeated: 'May God be my helper! for I can retract nothing.'

This said, Luther withdrew, and the Princes deliberated. Every one saw clearly that the moment was critical for Christendom. On the yea or nay of this monk, perhaps, depended the repose of the Church and of the world for ages to come. In the desire to over-awe him, he had been raised on a platform in sight of a whole nation: the attempt to give publicity to his defeat had only served to enhance his victory over his enemies. The partisans of Rome could not patiently submit to this humiliation. Luther was again called in, and the speaker thus addressed him:—'Martin, you have not spoken with that humility which befits your condition. The distinction you have drawn as to your works was needless, for if you retracted such as contain errors, the Emperor would not allow the rest to be burned. It is absurd to require to be refuted by Scripture, when you are reviving heresies condemned by the general Council of Constance. The Emperor therefore commands you to say simply, yes or no, whether you mean to affirm what you have advanced, or whether you desire to retract any part thereof.'—'I have no other answer to give than that I have already given,' said Luther quietly. They understood him—Firm as a rock,—the billows of the powers of the world had broken harmlessly at his feet.

Thus did Luther, constrained to act upon his Faith, led by his conscience to the surrender of his life, bound by the noblest of all necessity,—the servant of the truth he believed, and in that service most free; like a vessel freighted with treasure more precious than itself that the pilot runs upon the rocks;—pronounce the sublime words that at the distance of three centuries still make our hearts bound within us. Thus spake, in presence of the Emperor and the chiefs of the nation, a single monk! and that weak and poor man, standing alone, but depending on the grace of the Most High, shone forth grander and mightier than them all. His words came with a power against which the great of this world could do nothing. This is that weakness of God which is stronger than men. The Empire and the Church on the one hand,—an obscure individual on the other, have looked upon each other! God had gathered together these kings and prelates, to bring publicly to naught their wisdom. The battle is lost; and the consequences of this defeat of the powers of this world will be felt among all nations, and in all ages to come.'

CHRISTIAN OPPOSED TO THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

That nations beneath the ancient mythologies and the modern barbarous idolatries should advocate and practise war, is not to be accounted strange. Worshippers of bloodthirsty divinities and devotees of an irrational faith, it was to be expected that they should imitate them in a bloody and irrational custom. But who can fail to be amazed at finding Christians,—disciples of a religion whose watchword is Love, and whose motto is 'Peace on earth and good will toward men,'—inconsistently adhering to the practices of a benighted and depraved idolatry!

Nothing is susceptible of an easier demonstration than the opposition of Christianity to the spirit of war. What is Christianity? It is the religion communicated to men by divine revelation, that they might be delivered from iniquity and misery, and introduced to the highest and purest happiness. But certainly this is far from being the object of War. What is the morality of the gospel? It would not be easy to describe it better than in the words of Paul:—'Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.' Try the spirit or morality of War by this description. Is War a spirit of *love?* is its temper benevolence and philanthropy and disinterested affection? Is it *joy*,—any joy but in that triumph which celebrates the humiliation and wretchedness of thousands? Is it *long suffering* or *gentleness*, or *meekness?* Not unless these things are consistent with impatient and exasperated ambition, cherished pride, and cool, deadly, calculating determination to brook no superiority and to trample an enemy under foot. Is it *temperance?*—Alas, this bare enumeration of the Christian graces is sufficient to silence all pretence of baptizing war with a Christian name. I do not say, that no warrior ever was a Christian; but, clearly, no man can be heartily devoted to the trade of the camp, its sincere advocate and faithful practitioner, and be *characterized* by his benevolent, pacific, forbearing, gentle, and meek disposition. He himself would only ridicule the idea, and avow, that if this be a true description of the Christian character, Paley was right in declaring, that 'no two things can be more contrary than the *Christian* character and the *heroic*.'

Look at the description of this character as given by Christ himself in his sermon on the Mount. It begins with the peculiar and distinguishing blessings pronounced on the meek, the pure, the humble, the merciful, the peace-makers, and proceeds to inculcate, in the most positive terms, the duties of forbearance and forgiveness, and the sinfulness of retaliation and revenge. Resist not evil; love your enemies; bless those that curse you; forgive, if you would be forgiven. These precepts can hardly be incorporated among the principles which prevail in a state of warfare. Put upon them any qualification they can bear, they will not describe the morality of the camp. Nor can our Lord's perpetual lessons of purity and self-denial, be made consistent with the allowed and honored practices of military life.

Such is the Christian character as it was exhibited in the person of the Holy Teacher himself. It needs but a glance at that illustrious image of sweetness, gentleness, tenderness and purity, to perceive how totally irreconcilable is the true Christian life, with the violence and passion, the lust and blood, which triumph in the indolence of the garrison and the splendors of battle. So the early disciples regarded it; and for two centuries, while their Lord's example was fresh and the church comparatively uncorrupted, no Christians were to be found in the profession of the soldier. They refused to bear arms, even at great personal hazard. They held sacred their Master's words;—'My kingdom is not of this world;—if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight.'

Or take the argument in another point of view. What is the *result* to which Christianity tends by its prevalence in the world? Is it not, through the operation of a wide-spreading philanthropy, to promote to the utmost the well-being of men, and to establish amongst them an intercourse of mutual benefits? When we observe what it has already effected for the advancement of society and the removal of human ills, do we dot feel confident that its universal prevalence will be the establishment of the highest social order and happiness? But no one will describe in these terms the tendency of a state of war. Its prevalence never could be expected or designed to secure this state of universal brotherhood and social prosperity. The two things are absolutely incompatible. Just so far as the one triumphs, the other is defeated; as has been most truly said,—'If the Christian disposition were universal, the case is clear; the world would be a society of friends. Whereas if the other disposition were universal, it would produce a scene of universal contention; the world could not hold a generation of such men.'

It is therefore plain, that there exists a positive contradiction of the spirit of war to the spirit of Jesus Christ, and an irreconcilable opposition between the tendency of the one and the purpoess of the other. The doctrine which came from God for the special blessing of the world, bears its decided testimony against this ancient practice of an unregenerate race, and in every step of its progress prepares for the fulfilment of the prophecy of our text. If so, what a rebuke to the Christian world! What an appeal to Christians, to see to it that they henceforth second, and no longer thwart, the beneficent tendency of their faith!—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

SCRIPTURAL READINGS AND UNSCRIPTURAL SAYINGS.

Concerning Prayer.

I read, 'The hour cometh, and now is, when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.' I believe it right so to worship. I do not read, that true worshippers shall worship a Trinity.—I do not believe it right so to do.

I read, 'When thou prayest, enter into thy closet; and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, which is in secret.' I desire to follow this rule. I do not read, 'when thou prayest, pray to a First, Second, or Third object, person, or distinction in the Deity.'—I do not believe it right so to pray.

I read, 'When ye pray, say Our Father which art in heaven.'—I believe this to be the proper form of address in a Christian's prayer. I do not read, when ye pray, say 'Jehovah-Jesus,' Triune God,' 'Father, son and Holy Ghost,' or any kindred form of speech. I do not believe such to be fitting modes of address in prayer, for those who would learn their religion of Jesus Christ.

I read, 'In every thing, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your request be made known unto God.'—I believe this to be a proper rule for prayer. I do not read, let your requests be made known to any object, person, distinction, or thing, other than God; even the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.—I do not believe it right so to pray.

I read, (words of Christ, concerning the day of his glory, when he should have gone to his Father, and should see his disciples again,) 'In that day, ye shall ask me nothing.'—I then believe it wrong to ask of him. I do not read, elsewhere, any precept doing away the force of this law. I count it violence to the word of Christ, to address prayer to him, in that glorified state, in which, having gone to the Father, he sees his disciples again.

I read, in connexion with the foregoing, (words of Christ,) 'Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you. Hitherto, ye have asked nothing in my name, ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full.'—This, then, I believe to be the establised and proper mode of Christian prayer; to address God, in the name of Christ. Happy is he, who obeys this rule of the master; and who receives in himself the accomplishment of the subsequent promise! I do not read, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask me in my own name, I will give you.'

—I do not believe it right for Christians so to pray.

I read, (a direction of the apostle to Christians, in accordance with the precept of our Savior,) that the disciples should be 'Giving thanks, always, for all things, unto God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.—I believe this to have been the rule and custom of the earliest Christian worship. I do not read any direction to offer prayers to any other being than the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.—I do not believe it right so to do. I read, 'We are of the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus.'—May the God and Father of our Lord enable us so to worship, and so to rejoice. I do not read, that they are the circumcision, who worship a *First* peson in a coequal Trinity, and rejoice in a *Second*.—I do not believe it.

Concerning Redemption.

I read, 'God so loved the world, that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'—I believe it. I do not read, that God so hated the world, that he would save them without a sufficient and full satisfaction to his justice, before he would save them. I do not believe it. I read, 'In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him.' —I believe it. I do not read that God sent his Son, in order to make a display of his retributive justice, or to exhibit his rigid demand of the punishment of sin.—I do not believe it.

I read, 'God was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them.'—I believe it; and rejoice in the thought, that God, of his deep mercy, passes by the transgressions of penitent men, and makes them *at one* with himself by Jesus Christ. I do not read, that Christ *paid*, God for our sins; *satisfied* the demands of his justice; or, in any way, rendered the Divine Being more merciful or gracious, than he eternally is. —I do not believe it.

I read, 'According to His mercy, He [God] saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost, which He shed on us, abundantly, I believe it; and have joy in believing that God exerts a saving influence upon the human mind, by means of Christ Jesus, whom He hath raised from the dead. I do not read, that God was dependent on an atonement made by Christ, for an opportunity so to influence men's souls.—I do not believe it. It is clear, that God saves us '*according to his mercy*; and, in that mercy, imparts his regenerating, washing, and spiritual renewing to the soul through the Savior whom 'He hath exalted.....for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.' I read, concerning Christ, that he gave 'himself for us, that he might redeem us *from* all iniquity.'—It is my prayer that the redemption may be made effectual. I do not read, that he gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from the God of justice, or from the justice of God.—I do not believe it.

I read, that he 'gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us *from* this present *evil* world, according to the will of God our Father."—May this redemption, likewise, be made complete in us all. I do not read, that he gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us *from* God.—I do not believe it.—Contrawise, he gave himself for our sins, that he might deliver us from those hard masters, the world, and iniquity; and that he might bring us unto God our Father, 'that we, being delivered out of the hand of our enemies, might serve him, without fear, in holiness and righteousness before him, all the days of our life.'

I read, to Christians, 'Ye are risen with [Christ,] through the faith of the *operations of God*, who hath raised him from the dead.'—I believe it. I do not read, 'Ye are risen with him, through faith in a *satisfaction* which he made to Divine justice.'—I do not believe it.

I read, 'You, being *dead* in your sins... hath He [God] *quickened*, together with him [Christ.] having forgiven all your trespasses.'—I believe it. I do not read, 'You, being dead in your sins.....hath he quickened, together with him; having accepted his *sacrifice of atonement*, as an all-sufficient payment for your trespasses.'—I do not believe it. Indeed, I do not read the expression, *sacrifice of atonement*, or, *atoning sacrifice* in all the New Testament.—*E. S. Goodwin.*

SUDDEN DEATH.

Not only does holy Scripture thus press upon us the great necessity of being always ready, as knowing not any day or night, that we may not hear the sound of the archangel's trumpet, and see 'the judgment set, and the books opened:' but moreover there is no fact which our experience does more fully assure us of than this, that death is constantly overtaking one or other among us, and that, too, very often, suddenly; those who have eaten, and drank, and talked, and lived among us, and who humanly speaking had no cause to expect so great a change more than ourselves, yet on whom the book of life has forever closed—and an unchangeable eternity has already opened—persons who but the other day had the same pursuits, the same feelings, the same hopes and fears, and earthly expectations and projects as ourselves: nor can we give any reason why we should not be now where they are; and they instead, speaking of us, as we do of them. Not one of us can tell how soon others may not thus have to speak of us. But however this may be, of one thing, I think, we may be assured, that, whether we die soon or late, yet death will overtake us before we expect it; and he that looks out for it, and expects it daily, will find that he is much nearer the truth than he who does not. So that in which ever way we take it, it must be allowed that the vail or curtain which is drawn between us and the eternal judgment, is so thin, that any day of our lives we may find ourselves on the other side of it:—the door shut—the time of trial for ever gone and past—eternal, unchangeable ages begun. Now, this being the case, there is no use whatever in our turning our minds away to other things, in order to forget it; for it remains quite as true, whether we think of it or not. The sun is in the sky all the same—though we might force ourselves to believe it was not, and that it was night. There is nothing in the world more easy than to do this: we have only to engage our thoughts, as soon as we depart from church, or from the grave of a friend, with some little trifles which are sure to present themselves before us, or rather I should say to be presented to us by the evil spirit, which is ever on the watch—and we shall soon forget all about it. But there is nothing more foolish than this, for we must think of the great realities sooner or later; and the less we do think of them now, the more we shall have to be sorry for at our death and through a long eternity. The end is unavoidable—you may look around you to the world—you may look above or below—yet nevertheless it is ever straight before you, and every day and every hour nearer; and you must at last look it in the face—and see Death and Judgment standing before you—not to be avoided, nor evaded, turn yourself away, this way or that—to any objects you like, think of it or not—you must be one day nearer to it every day you live.

Is not this consideration one strong and timely consideration for the serious and timely consideration necessary for every one who has to die, what is the reason why we are, each of us, so determined, as it were, to put it aside; and in fact take all the means in our power to drive it away; when any moment of our lives we may be overtaken by the reality of that, from the very thoughts of which we shrink and turn away?

The reason in great measure is, because we consider such contemplations as unpleasant, and therefore are ready to get away from them. But why should they be so unpleasent; indeed, so gloomy and terrible? It is we ourselves that make them so in a great measure. These frequent intimations and warnings respecting our speedy, and sudden, and certain death, are doubtless given to us by our heavenly Father out of his great mercy and love to us; and all his gracious and kind dealings with us, even though they be warnings and cautions—yet ought to be made by us in some sense a matter of comfort and encouragement. Not unpleasant duties which we would turn away from, but thoughts that we would embrace and cherish as coming from him.

THE CERTAINTY OF JUDGMENT.

But 'if the righteous scarcely be saved,' if even they must stand up and be judged as criminals before that dreadful tribunal, where and how 'shall the ungodly and the sinner appear!' For they too must appear, however unwilling they may be. They must appear to give account of their thoughtless, unholy lives, of the time they have wasted, the talents they have abused, the sins they have indulged in, the duties they have neglected, the warnings they have despised, the offers of mercy they have slighted, the contempt they have brought by their pride their malice, their wordly-mindedness, on the sacred name of our Lord Jesus Christ, his word and sacraments.

Thus certain is it, my Christian brethren, that 'we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ.' The confidence of strength and manhood will avail us nothing in that day; the feebleness of childhood or old age will not be accepted as an excuse. Money will then be of no use, for the Judge will take no bribes. Poverty and distress will be no plea in our favor, for that will be a time of justice, not of mercy. Wisdom and learning will show us no way of escaping the terrors of the last judgment. Nor shall we be allowed to pass unnoticed under pretence of ignorance and want of scholarship. If we are ever so good, we shall not be excused from this judgment—if we are ever so bad, we shall not be able to flee from it.

There is then no avoiding it, but we must all appear before our Judge in the last day. *Appear*—that is, be laid open, or made manifest, so the word signifies in the original. For in that day our real character will be seen, the veil of deceit and hypocrisy will be taken off, and our whole conduct will be set forth in its true colors. Then 'the hidden things of darkness will be brought to light,' 'the counsels of the heart will be made manifest,' and 'every one shall have his reward of God, not according to what he seems, but to what he is.

For how many proud and wicked thoughts do we cherish, which none but

God knows the full meaning! And as to our actions, how few (if any scarce) are very often either set about with improper motives, or carried on by improper means. The good we do is very often for an evil end, while for a good end we think we may do anything.

All this secret perverseness and pride of our hearts, which is now known to him, whose 'eye is in every place beholding the evil and the good' all shall 'appear,' and be laid open before the judgment-seat of Christ.

Let us remember, again, that our hearts and lives will be shown forth in their true and proper colors, to all men as well as all angels. Then, it will be seen how different many of our outward actions and words were from our inward thoughts. It will be seen how easy it is to have a fair character in the world, to be reckoned honest, just, liberal, or sober, and yet all the while to be no true servant of Christ Jesus. Then will be seen how little use it is for man to improve, if God disapprove—how little harm it is for man to hate us, if God loves us. Then will be brought to light those many hidden pieces of fraud and cheating, of deceit and cunning, and hypocrisy, which we think men will never know; but in that day they will appear. 'There is nothing covered that shall not be' then 'revealed, nor hid which shall not be' then 'made known' to the whole world. Think, too, that if we will not now, we shall then acknowledge the dreadful nature of sin, when we are about to feel the punishment. We shall curse our own folly, for not having sooner laid seriously to heart the great truths of the gospel of Jesus Christ. Though our eyes be blinded and our hearts hardened by the love of this world, yet, in that day, we shall be of a far different mind. Our hearts will be softened by the terrible sound of the last trumpet, our eyes will be opened by the brightness of the Judge's presence. But what will that avail? The day of salvation will then be past; according to our lives we must be judged. 'Then shall it be too late to knock when the door shall be shut, and too late to cry for mercy when it is the time for justice.'—*Plain Sermons.*

CHRISTIAN REGISTER.

BOSTON, APRIL 30, 1842.

INSPIRATION.

We cheerfully comply with the request contained in the first, by publishing in our columns the second of the following letters.

Mr. Reed, Dear Sir,—We enclose a letter of Dr. Woods, of Andover, respecting a new publication which has just appeared, translated from the German, by Rev. E. N. Kirk.

It is a work of merit, and no doubt many clergymen and other readers of your paper would be interested in it, if they knew what and where it was.

If you are willing and can give it an insertion, we should be glad to have you.

Truly yours, TAPPAN & DENNET.

114 Washington street.

5th *April*, 1842.

Rev. E. N. Kirk, Rev. and Dear Sir,—I expected much from Gaussen on Inspiration; but my expectations are exceeded by the merits of the work. It is the very thing which is called for at the present time; and is every way adapted to increase in the minds of ministers and Christians, a becoming reverence for the word of God. The book is written with an uncommon degree of vivacity and skill. Logic and Rhetoric are happily combined. I know not whether it is more proper to call it *eloquent Logic* or *Logical eloquence.* I think I shall come the nearest to the truth to call it both. I am delighted with the *spirit* of the writer, as well as with the truth of his positions, and the strength of his arguments. It will most certainly be interesting to the community at the present time, when the rankest infidelity is advocated among those who profess to be Christians. It is natural for all errorists to lower down, as far as they can, the authority of the Bible, because it opposes their opinions. In regard to inspiration, the test which I lay down is this; that view of inspiration is doubtless right, which produces in us the same devout reverence for the Scriptures which the apostles and early Christians had, who regarded it 'not as the word of *man* but as *the word of God.*' And any view of inspiration, which has a contrary tendency, that is, a tendency to diminish our respect for the sacred volume, and to turn us off from it as our infallible and perfect standard, must be wrong. This is a subject which involves the highest interests of the church and the world. And so far as experience and observation have taught me, it is a fact, that a reverence for the Scriptures, and confidence in the truth and divine authority of all their instructions, keep pace in the church, and in the minds of individuals, with the prevalence of true piety.

I think you have rendered an important service to the American public, by making the work of Gaussen accessible to them in their own language.

Very affectionately your brother,

LEONARD WOODS.

Theol. Sem. Andover, March, 21, 1842.

For sale by Tappan & Dennet, 114 Washington street.

We have not seen a copy of the work Mr. Kirk has translated, and know not therefore what theory of inspiration it maintains.

This is perhaps one of the most intricate subjects of theological inquiry, and yet of the utmost importance. The authority of the books of the Old and New Testament has, in some sense, been admitted by all who profess to believe in the Mosaic and Christian revelations. They are familiarly called the Word of God, and from this phrase, though it is used with some latitude and received with different degrees of meaning, we may always conclude that he, who uses it, means to express thereby some peculiar property which he conceives to belong to these sacred writings. This property has been called inspiration; yet when we come to a close examination of the meaning of the word in the writings of Christian theologians, we find very indefinite and almost contradictory explanations given. The idea of supernatural assistance, in some way afforded to the writers of these books, is, however, always included.

The following are the two principal notions or theories on the subject. Some, and this we suppose is the popular sentiment, the idea entertained by the great mass of Christians, some understand by inspiration, a constant and complete verbal dictation of the language of the Bible, so that it may properly and literally be styled the '*Word of God.*' Others, again understand an *inspiration* of *ideas* only. This we believe, was the opinion of most of the early reformers.

In respect to the first supposition, that of a complete and constant verbal inspiration extending to every word of the sacred volume, it is obvious that such an inspiration could be of importance and authority to those only, to whom the language of that volume was native or vernacular, and who were sure also of always reading every word or letter precisely as it was dictated to the writers in the first instance. But no one can be so ignorant, or would be so absurd as to assert that this is the case with respect to us. Should we maintain or admit it to be true therefore, that every word, contained in the original writings of Moses and the prophets, of the apostles and evangelists, was to them the immediate dictate of the Holy Spirit, yet as we read these writings only through the medium of translations, and as we know that there exist some variations in the copies of them that have been transmitted to us, this original, constant and complete verbal inspiration is of no consideration with us. It can not exist now in relation to us; for we have in the first place to ascertain by our best examination and judgment, what is the most correct text of their writings, and then to ascertain by the rules of Grammar and criticism, what is the most correct translation of their language into the words of our own, and lastly to judge of the meaning of that language, by the best lights we can apply of reason, analogy, history and common sense.

It must be admitted that it does not seem very probable, that God would originally employ a species of inspiration, which could be of use only to a small portion of those by whom the sacred volume would be received as the rule of faith and practice, viz., those to whom the inspired language in which it was originally written was vernacular; or if this constant and complete verbal inspiration in the first instance, be admitted or maintained, then we must conclude that such an inspiration is of no consequence to us; else God would have taken care by a succession of miracles, that there should never in any future age arise a doubt either of the text, the translation or the meaning of any portion of this language; which he has not done.

Whatever therefore may have been the original inspiration of the sacred volume, to us it is not and cannot now be a constant and complete verbal inspiration. Although there may have been this original dictation of words to the sacred writers, we are compelled now to ascertain by the best means in our power, the real meaning of what they have written, and our confidence in the sacred truth which they have delivered, can never rise any higher than our confidence in our understanding of them; unless, indeed, which we presume no one will be disposed to maintain, God also inspires us infallibly to understand now what he originally dictated to them by his spirit,—in which case, it is very difficult to explain the necessity of any other inspiration.

We are compelled therefore, by the necessity of the case, to relinquish the notion that a constant and complete verbal inspiration attaches to sacred volume as we now read it. We must be content with believing in the inspiration only of the ideas or truths contained in it. But a question has been agitated how far we are to carry this notion of inspiration. Some suppose that there was a constant and immediate inspiration of every thing which the writers record, excluding entirely the natural action of their own minds. To this supposition, however, objections have been raised, not by skeptics but by devout and honest theologians. It is said that there are many things in the sacred writings which appear, to us at least, to be unworthy of so high an origin, and which it is not necessary to ascribe to such an origin. The apostles, for instance, in delivering the doctrines of the gospel, every where mingle with them local circumstances, domestic concerns, and other matters and events of a consequence comparatively inconsiderable. It may be admitted that none of these recorded matters are useless to Christians in any age, that all these minute and personal affairs are true and even profitable to be known. Yet it is contended they could have been as well recorded without any such inspiration, and that we ought not, in any case, to multiply miracles unnecessarily.

The apparent discrepances and variations, which are found in the different writings of the Old and New Testaments, are also brought as objections against this notion of an immediate and constant inspiration of all ideas. It is contended that these discrepances and variations could not have proceeded from the same unerring spirit, constantly and immediately inspiring the writers with the ideas which they record. It may be admitted that these apparent discrepances and inconsistences will all vanish, when we have attained to a more correct knowledge of the original text of the Scriptures, and all the circumstances which throw light upon their interpretation; at least, that this may be confidently hoped from the progress that has already been made in this department of Christian learning, still it is contended, that while this defect of complete information remains, and there are these discrepances and inconsistences, however insignificant and unimportant they may be, we can not receive any existing edition, or known copy of the Scriptures, with this confidence in the complete, constant and direct inspiration of every idea it contains.

Again, the fact, that the sacred authors write like men who had revolved the subject on which they wrote in their own minds, that they often give us their own reasonings, and frequently appeal to the judgment of those whom they address, this also is brought as an objection against the supposition of a constant and complete inspiration of ideas. It is admitted that their reasoning may have been always clear and decisive, yet it is contended that on the supposition that they had a constant and immediate inspiration of every idea, of the reasoning itself, as well as of the conclusions they would deduce from it and enforce, they would not thus have appealed to the judgment of those whom they wished to convince, but would at once have laid claim to be believed on their bare assertion, in consequence of their immediate inspiration. As every one of their converts would and must have admitted this immediate and constant inspiration, to them, the four words, 'thus saith the Lord,' would have been a valid and certainly the most easy and convincing argument.

Again it is objected to this supposition of the constant and complete inspiration of every idea set down, that in many portions of the sacred writings, particularly the historical part of the New Testament, the writers themselves give us the reasons for their writing, and the grounds on which they would have us believe them; which are not a constant and immediate inspiration to set down what ever facts or teachings they record, but that they had the requisite means of information, that they were eye and ear witnesses of what they related, and as Luke expresses it, had complete information of all things which the Lord said and did from the commencement of his ministry. It is contended that to men thus situated, having thus the requisite knowledge from having been eye and ear witnesses, the super-addition of the constant and immediate inspiration of every idea would not increase their credibility and if they had claimed, or required our assent on that ground alone, would rather have excited suspicion that they wished to secure our belief on this ground, because they suspected that the other was insufficient.

The points which we have now presented, embrace the principal objections which have been raised to the supposition of a constant and immediate inspiration of every idea contained in the sacred volume. Some of them, it will be perceived, are of no great weight or importance, while others of them seem to have much force, and to present pretty substantial difficulties in the way of carrying this theory of inspiration so far as to make it extend to every idea, and exclude entirely the natural action of the minds of the sacred writers upon any of the subjects on which they wrote.

What then, we may be asked, are *your* views of inspiration? What is your theory? We answer that we know not that we have any theory. Like all pesons who have reflected upon this subject, we find it difficult to form definite ideas or to convey the impressions or conceptions of our own mind in clear language to others. We can only say that *revelation* and *inspiration* are to us in a great measure coincident and synonymous. They are almost convertible terms. When we speak of *revealed* truth and *inspired* truth we have the same idea in our minds. We speak of the same kind of truth; the one epithet has reference to the source from which the truth is derived; the other to the means or medium by which it is communicated. We call that *revealed truth*, which the unaided faculties of man could not have discovered, proved and established with authority or power. We call the person or persons by whom this truth was communicated, and originally set forth and illustrated for the faith and guidance of man, *inspired.* Such truth we believe the Bible to contain, such men we believe its writers to have been. What was the nature and extent of this inspiration, how the mind of God acted upon the mind of man in imparting this truth, and how far this influence of God's spirit controlled the natural action of the individual's faculties, are questions which we do not perceive that we have any means of determining, or that it is important or profitable for us to attempt to settle. We are satisfied with believing that Jesus Christ, whom we reverence as the Author and Finisher of our faith, whom we rejoice to receive as the Savior, promised of the Father, the Meditator between God and man, we are satisfied with believing that he had the spirit imparted to him without measure, that he was fully instructed in the will and purposes of God with regard to men, that the whole scheme of the Gospel, all the principles and precepts of its morality, all its doctrines and sanctions, and all the means and influences by which it was to be promulgated and established in the world, that all this was thoroughly and perfectly made known to him, and that with this perfect knowledge and in the exercise of this high trust, he discharged his ministry, speaking as never man spake, and doing works which no man could do save God were with him. We are satisfied with believing that his apostles were endowed with the gift of the Holy Spirit, which, according to his promise, was to lead them into all truth, and that through this gift, whatever was its precise nature or mode of action, they were instructed in all those truths of the gospel which they might not have known or understood from and during the ministry of Jesus, and that this gift, this spirit, we care not to determine precisely how, *brought* all things to their remembrance which he had told them, both when they spake and when they wrote, so that they were qualified to bear testimony both in speaking and writing to the great facts and doctrines of his religion, to illustrate and enforce them by argument, to confirm them by the exercise and exhibition of supernatural power in working miracles. All that they have related or taught respecting Christianity, we receive with perfect confidence, because we believe that the Spirit was in them and abode in them, taught them all things, or brought all things to their remembrance, and from this fund of knowledge they were enabled to determine what was, or was not Christian doctrine. We call their writings *inspired*, and regard them as *inspired*, because they are the writings of men to whom truth had been *supernaturally* communicated, and were themselves the specially employed agents and instruments of God in communicating that truth to others, and confirming it by supernatural evidence. And this inspiration, this knowledge of truth and power to communicate it, is an inspiration which no man of himself can attain, at any price he would or could pay. He cannot arive at it by his own efforts, prayers or meditations. It is the direct gift of God.

So far as we have, or can form any idea of inspiration definite enough to be communicated to others, we have presented it, in the remarks we have made. Whether this idea of inspiration coincides with any generally received hypothesis on the subject, we cannot say and are not concerned to know. It is an idea which satisfies us and fills us with faith and reverence in the Scriptures, as containing a revelation of truth and duty from God, and 'as profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.'

MESSRS. KIRK AND CLARK.

The following communication requires but a single comment from us. We appeal to the tenor of our remarks last week as evidence, that we did not intend and had no disposition to do either of these gentlemen injustice. Not being able to see Mr. Clarke personally, and wishing to make some comments on the lettter of our New York correspondent, we called on one of Mr. C.'s parishioners and friends, and asked him if he had had any conversation with his minister upon the subject, and knew the circumstances under which Mr. Kirk was invited to preach at Amory Hall. We understood this person to say that he had conversed with Mr. C. upon this matter, and from him we received the account we published, with the exception of a single item, viz., 'That if he (Mr. Kirk) preached for him, he should go to preach truth where he thought error was commonly preached.' This we did not receive from the gentleman above alluded to, but from another source, which we thought entitled to credit, though we did not regard it as 'the good authority' on which we relied, and therefore said that 'in its general features we believed our account would be found to be correct.' The main point, as we supposed, and that upon which our New York correspondent made his issue to depend, was whether Mr. Kirk directly, or indirectly, intimated to Mr. Clark that he should not reciprocate the courtesy, were he in charge of a pulpit, and by such an intimation implied that he did not regard him (Mr. C.) as a Christian minister. And upon this main point, we cannot perceive our account to be so 'wholly incorrect' as it appears to Mr. Clarke. We did not pretend, (except in Mr. Clarke's reply, which we embraced in quotation marks) to give the precise words used, but only the amount of what was said. Now between saying, 'if I had the pastoral charge of a pulpit in Boston I could not receive you into it' and 'I have felt some delicacy in accepting your invitation, though I thought it very kind, because if I were settled in Boston I do not know that I should feel at liberty to return it,' there is but a shade of difference. The latter, considering the relations which have subsisted for the last twenty five years between the Orthodox and Unitarian Congregationalists, can only be interpreted as a delicate way of saying, 'Mr. C. you know very well that if I were settled in Boston, I should not feel at liberty to return your invitation.' And this we apprehend, should the efforts to secure Mr. Kirk for a Boston pulpit be successful, would be the interpretation thereof. We agree with Mr. C. that his account shows Mr. Kirk equally *honest* and a good deal more *civil* than ours, and we hope that in future, that gentlemen will be as civil in speaking *of*, as in speaking *to*, or preaching *before* Unitarians.

To the Editors of the Christian Register.

Gentlemen,—In your paper of last week, you make a statement concerning a conversation supposed to have passed between Rev. E. N. Kirk and myself. As this statement is unjust to both of us, and erroneous in point of fact, I presume you will give me an opportunity of correcting it.

You say that when Mr. Kirk was invited by me to preach for me, he 'gave Mr. Clarke to understand that he could not regard him as a Christian Minister, and that if he had the pastoral charge of a pulpit in Boston he could not receive him into it, and that if he preached for him he should go to preach truth, where he felt that error was commonly preached.'

This, which, you say you were 'informed on good authority, is in its general features a correct account of the circumstances under which Mr. K. preached before the Society worshipping in Amory Hall,' is, I am happy to say, in its general features a wholly *incorrect* account of these circumstances. Of these three remarks attributed to Mr. Kirk, two are not only incorrect but without any shadow of a foundation. The third is incorrect, but has a foundation. Mr. Kirk did *not* say that 'he could not regard me as a Christian Minister,' nor did he say anything *like* it. Mr. Kirk did *not* say that 'if he preached for me he should go to preach truth where he felt that error was commonly preached,' nor did he say anything *like* it. Nothing which Mr. Kirk ever said to me could be twisted by the most perverse ingenuity into anything resembling these two remarks. Nor did Mr. K. say that 'if he had the pastoral charge of a pulpit in Boston he could not receive me into it.' If, indeed, he *had* said this, it would not have surprised me, nor should I have considered it a sufficient reason for not receiving him into my pulpit, provided in other respects he showed a Christian spirit, and I thought his services calculated to benefit my congregation. But his remark was this. 'I have felt some delicacy in accepting your invitation, though I thought it very kind, because if I were settled in Boston, I do not know that I should feel at liberty to return it.' Hereupon I made an answer somewhat similar to that which you have attributed to me, intimating that if this were so I should consider myself as having the advantage over him in possessing a faith, which enabled me to feel a wider sympathy than he was able to exercise.

Your account of Mr. Kirk's remarks would indeed leave to them the merit of frankness and honesty, but it certainly would have been a very rude and unkind reply to a civil request; and in that case I should have considered myself as 'casting pearls before swine' if I had continued to offer my pulpit to a man who should show himself so little either of a gentleman or a Christian. What he really said shows as *much* honesty and a good deal *more* civility, and I trust I was not wanting in 'a just self respect' in permitting him to preach, notwithstanding the possibility that he might hereafter decline to receive me into some future possible pulpit.

Some of your remarks are also adapted to leave the impression that I was very anxious to have Mr. Kirk preach for me, and that I pressed the matter upon him with some urgency. Before I was introduced to Mr. Kirk some of his friends were anxious that I should ask him, and intimated that he would like to receive such an invitation and would willingly accept of it. When I called upon him and made the request, he showed no reluctance, but expressed his pleasure and his desire to accept it. In the whole of his services he avoided whatever might jar upon the feelings or opinions of our Society—he chose a subject for his Sermon where we were on common ground, and did not so much as allude to the points in controversy. Without compromising his own principles, he showed good sense, gentlemanly feeling and a Christian spirit, and gave general satisfaction to our congregation. I cannot but feel that in this whole affair his behavior was much more friendly than that of the friends, whoever they are, who have invented and circulated such erroneous accounts concerning it.

Here perhaps I might stop. But as I have been condemned for suffering any one to preach for me who was not ready to return the courtesy, I wish to state the principles upon which I have acted. I have thought that those who call themselves Liberal Christians ought to show their liberality in action as well as in word. 'Not all are free' says Lessing, 'who mock at their fetters'—nor are all liberal who denounce illiberality. There are men among the Unitarians who are as bigoted and intolerant as the greatest bigots among the other denominations. How are we more liberal than others if we will only go as far as they do? I think we should show our liberality not merely by denouncing bigotry, but by being ready to hear those who will not hear us, read their books when they will not read ours, lend our pulpits when they will not lend theirs. This is the way, I suppose, to overcome evil with good—nor can it be overcome in any other way. Orthodox bigotry cannot be overcome by Unitarian bigotry. If sectarianism and intolerance are ever to be conquered it must be by those whose views enable them to practice a larger liberality. But it cannot be done by speculative liberality only—it must be carried out in practice. Jesus says, 'Whatsoever ye *would* that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.' If I wish therefore that men should invite me into their pulpits, I must invite them into mine. Jesus says, 'If ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye? for sinners also lend to sinners hoping to receive again. And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?' So if we offer our pulpits only to those who offer theirs to us, what thank have we? But if we take every opportunity to show that we really intend to act out our principles—if we are ready to have fellowship with all who show a Christian temper—if we are ready to do more for others than they will do for us, then we are really enlarging the dominion of Christian charity. You say this event will not shake a hair's breadth the wall of separation between Orthodox and Unitarian Christians. Perhaps not, and perhaps neither you nor I can ever tell in this world. The day shall declare it. But it seems to me impossible for a man of common sensibility to be received as Mr. Kirk was received in our Society, and behave as he behaved, and go away without his prejudices being somewhat abated and his feelings toward us made somewhat more kindly.

'But would you invite every body, no matter how they treat you, to preach for you?' By no means. I would not give that which is holy to the dogs, nor waste my time in trying to correct rabid prejudices or to soften a bigot's heart. When a man who has long lived in the midst of Unitarians, denounces them as worse than Judas Iscariot, or when another compares Unitarianism with Rum, or a third, instead of praying for their conversion, prays for their damnation, as a reverend Divine did at the dedication of Park Street Church, I should say—let them alone—they are blind leaders of the blind. But if I can find a man, holding narrow views, whose spirit is more liberal than his opinions, I should consider my own opinions as more liberal than my spirit, if I did not go *more* than half way to meet him.

I am, Gentlemen

Your obedient servant

JAMES F. CLARKE.

Tuesday, April 26.

For the Register and Observer.

'An unspotted life is old age
My desolation does begin to make a better life.'

Every morning of the past winter, has appeared to bring a 'resurrection unto death,'—we have seemed to walk in a mourning procession, which the young child heralded and whose ranks, the aged and tottering among the saints have swelled. Grief has brought the spiritual world so near, that men reach out their hands to touch it, and the thoughtless begin to set their house in order, lest to them as to many, the last summons come and find them unprepared. Crowds have passed away, whose names have been murmured only in the deep agony of the family circle, but the last week has taken from us one, to whom the world claims the right to give that tribute, which under common circumstances, seems to me the last drop in the cup of misery. It was a man in the prime of life, one whose experience had barely mellowed into ripeness, one who seemed in the full glow of health and upon whose strong heart, the hand of death rested but for a moment and its hasty throbs were stilled forever. The first sun, which rose upon his closed eye, was unclouded. Men met in the hurried din of traffic, in the solemn state of council, and in the aisles of the Church, and knew not for a while that one whom they so revered had passed away; but ere that sun was an hour high, the tear had started in many an eye, and the lips of a multitude had faltered out his name. Children on their way to school, mothers in their quiet homes, the poverty-stricken, who sat by the bed of their dying, mourned for 'the beloved physician.' It is not mine to dwell upon the graces of mind or person, which so endeared him to his friends, or to speak of the quickness which always perceived, of the humor which always delighted, the pathos which touched, or the skill which relieved, to describe the variety of his requisitions, the gentleness with which they were pressed into the service of others, or the sweetness of the smile which scarce did justice to his untroubled soul. Men have called these things 'gifts,' and we are accustomed to think that they are such as the many may not share. I pass to the consideration of those moral traits which, while they make up the whole of character, God never presses upon our passions, acceptance, and never refuses to our earnest effort, and which it may most avail those of us who remain to consider. A deep sense of his obligation to humanity, and his own soul, lay beneath every action of his life. Not his own inclination but the needs of others, and the demands of his own generosity, swayed his daily conduct, no one ever had occasion to ask his aid, who was not convinced, by the promptness with which it was afforded, that it was less isksome for him to give than for the applicant to ask—who did not feel that an obligation had been conferred rather than received. So fully had he imbibed the spirit of Jesus, that many received from him the most constant charity, who never knew him by any other name than that of the 'kind stranger.' However great his humility, it never degenerated to a weakness, it never deprived him of the legitimate exercise of any faculty, it never lost him a single opportunity of benevolent action. The weight of that name, which he withheld from those who shared his personal benefaction, he never denied to any public cause, which he could conscientiously further. His charity consisted not in mere alms-giving. He acquainted himself with the circumstances, and interested himself in the trials and troubles of those to whom his purse was open, and the influence of his own kind and devout nature, paralized all evil in those with whom he dealt. Almost the last act of his life was a kindness to a crippled child, which strangers traced out, and which his own family never knew. I have dwelt upon this feature of his character, and I feel that facts will justify me. Upon the day which succeeded that of his death, more than two hundred of those to whom he gave whatever skill in healing he possessed, with no reward this side the grave in prospect, came to beg a last look at the features, which retained their kindliness, even in death. And will you say that such remembrance is not the highest satisfaction, a man's ambition may receive? Think you that the conqueror, who has bridged a river, with the bodies of the vanquished, that the successful politician whose hand grasps the seals of office, has ever known, may ever know, a greater? Vain, simple man! the intellect demands much, but the heart asks more, Love is as infinite as Wisdom, or Power. I might speak of the strength of his fraternal feeling; but with this, the community have little to do. I would urge upon them only the example which they have witnessed and acknowledged. Let her, who saw him go, and said 'I am alone,' remember that while God is, no child of God is solitary. Let us all feel that the void left in our midst must be filled by the healthy exercise of our own spiritual natures. The teaching of every day—what is it?

The Battle of our life is brief
The alarm,—the struggle—the relief,
Then sleep we, side by side.

It seems as if this were the spirit-chorus, reaching us from the many graves over which the first green of the advancing spring is creeping; and if a season so fraught with the severest discipline have passed and left us none the wiser, the responsibility rests on our own souls. A life noble and strong, like that which we have now contemplated, is an encouragement to every man who falters in his walk, 'Stand upright, for so hath thy brother stood before thee.' Shall we be weaker than our brother? No. Let us rather strive, to keep so well the even tenor of our way, that of each, as of him, the question 'Has he ever wronged another?' may be never so much as asked. We strive to raise the richly wrought stone above the dead, we strew flowers on their turf, but well has it been said 'that no funeral wreath is so fragrant as the fruit-offering of our own good deeds.'

If the departed be conscious of what is passing here, he will see in that noble garland the proof, that his own pure example is yet strong and living in our hearts, and will praise God who hath given such increase to the seed sown in his former life.

C. W. H.

For the Register and Observer.

LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Castine, April 9th, 1842.

Dear Sir,—When you were here some 15 months since, I subscribed for your excellent paper. * * * Although poor in this world's goods, I still continue it My heart is with you in your labors, and I have determined that in my retrenching I will not starve the printer or my own mind, and that of my little family.

In looking abroad and keeping pace with the times as they come up, and finding morals, religion, and everything else corrupt, I cannot compare the state of the times to anything else but a ripe apple or orange, fair in shape, but rotten and unfit for use, with *nothing* good about *it* except the *seeds*, in which there is vitality, and patience must have her perfect work, and wait for the seed, again cast into the ground, to purify, vegetate, and bring forth, in its season the rich ripe fruit.

I have myself been rather prone to look on the dark side of things, as you may judge, from what I am about to introduce to your notice. On the 9th of Dec. 1832 a brother-in-law of mine, on the eve of going to sea, replies to a letter of mine of 3d inst, after the following fashion. The tenor of the remarks seems to me to be such as the times call for, in order to keep the heart of many a desponding young man up amidst adversity,—although the writer is at this time at New Orleans, master of ship Columbus, still I think he will pardon me when he knows what prompted me to make use of it for publicity. It was the means of bearing my spirit up and may do some good to others.

Newburyport, Dec 9th, 1832.

'Bro. C. Augustus S.—I had learned from ——, that you had safely arrived, and was glad your return passage was so short and comfortable. I think you will derive benefit from the journey, as you will also have learned that ill luck the past season has not visited you alone, but all others engaged in a similar business, and so far as company goes, to lessen the ills of life, you have no reason to complain.

You say, that you were cut out 'for a cooper' but have spoilt yourself in trying to be a gentleman,—here I must beg leave to differ from you. In my opinion of things, you have not only made yourself a pretty good cooper (and an honorable trade it is, certain,) but you have also in the estimation of others, (if not yourself,) become quite a gentleman. To constitute the gentleman it is not necessary that a man should live without work, or that he should be a professional man, or member of State Legislature, or of Congress.

On the contrary, he is the true gentleman, who pays the best attention to his

...alling, whatever that may be, and who to ... good school education joins urbanity of ...anners, purity of intention; and an hon... frankness and strict justice in his deal...gs with others. Now without flattery, I think I may safely say, you do in a good ...gree, possess these requisites for making ... true gentleman.

Bro. C. I will be very candid with you, for I think it the best evidence of the interest I feel in your welfare. I think you do wrong to suffer your feelings to be so much depressed, by the business of the past season,—what you are looking upon as troubles and afflictions, I consider blessings, which you will hereafter rejoice were visited upon you in early life, as the kindest and most effectual means a wise Providence could use, to correct a dangerous, ruling passion.

You have too much cultivated the desire to be rich, and thus suffered wealth to engross your attention, to the exclusion of other important things; you have permitted it to become in some degree a sort of idol, and have looked upon all your employments, only as they were to advance, or retard your progress to great riches. Now suppose you had been continued along in prosperity, and this love of wealth had daily become more and more strong in your heart, until perhaps you had began to think money the only thing valuable in life, and that adversity had then come upon you, more severe for its delay; how would you then have been prepared for it?

The reflection that such might possibly have been the case, ought to make you thankful that you meet it now, when its effects are nothing, to what they might otherwise have been. You are now young; just startling into life, (23 years old) with a kind father and brother, both able and willing to assist you. You have also a good trade, a good opportunity of continuing business,—good credit and a reputation, which of itself is a fortune to a young man—everything to encourage you to renewed exertions, and to give you reasonable hope better success hereafter. Recollect every man, sooner or later in life, meets adversity, and we ought to be glad that she pays us her visits, while we are best able to struggle with her.

I have had two calls from her, since I have been in business for myself, besides such as I felt in my younger days, in my father's time. But two years since, I left home, cumbered with a debt of about $7 * * and no friends to apply to for assistance. By my own exertions solely I had to provide for a growing family, and pay old debts. 'How much worse was my condition than yours can possibly be. Yet thank God I have since been prospered, been able to work myself out of that difficulty. So may it be with you. 'One swallow does not make a summer,' nor one year of losses constitute a whole life. Another year, and you may more than regain what you lose this. There is no way but to act the Christian philosopher. What has happened cannot be remedied,—keep 'a merry heart,' and a cheerful countenance and begin anew with increased vigor and a determination not to be upset by every flaw. I had no idea when I commenced of saying half so much on the foregoing subject, but my feelings have almost imperceptibly set me sermonizing, you will attribute it to a right motive, and pardon whatever may seem in the least offensive.

Your Bro, j**** s. c*****

For the Register and Observer.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER.

A mother is bending over a sick bed. There lies her little one, tossed with pain. Disease has marked it for his victim. Once the healthiest of the healthy, it is now fast fading away. The rosy bloom of the cheek is gone. The voice is hushed. The laugh is no longer heard. Even if a smile light up its features for a moment, it is a saddened smile. Day after day she watches by that bedside. Every change is closely marked, as if her own life hung upon the result. At length it is fondly thought that the crisis is past. Hope reanimates her. Yet, still she trembles—yes, trembles in the midst of her rejoicing. Alas, not without cause. A change has come over her little one. Not disease now, but death has marked it for his prey. It sinks under his grasp. Gently it gives up its parting breath. Sadly that mother sees her child laid in its coffin. More sadly she follows it to the tomb. She returns to her home; but that home has lost its brightest charm. The bitterness of grief comes over her. She feels now her loneliness. Sorrow has taken its abode in her heart. 'Rachel weeps for her child and will not be comforted because it is not.'

Night has spread her canopy of darkness over the fair face of nature. That mother sits alone in her chamber. Sadly she thinks of the departed. Sadly she calls to mind the dearly loved and early lost. A shadowy form passes before her, 'Mother' a gentle voice whispers. She looks up. Her dear one is before her; not as it was on earth, but a winged messenger from the spirit-land. 'Mother' it repeats, 'weep not, I am not dead, but live. As a child of earth, you loved me when I was with you. Love me now as a spirit dwelling with the angels of God, but visiting unseen the friends I have left on earth. Dry your tears, for I will, be near you to watch over you. And when you shall bid adieu to earth, as I have done, I will be the first to welcome you to the land in which I live. There we shall never say farewell.' The voice has ceased. But heavenly melodies are falling on her ear. Long she listens to those strains sung by cherub voices. When she again looks up, the spirit of her lost one has departed. A voice speaks, 'Is it well with the child? and she answers it is well.' H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[Extract of a letter from the West.]

Lonisville March. 15.

'My dear Sir,'—I read with much interest the Boston papers, containing accounts of the moral, religious and benevolent movements of the City. We are doing a little in various ways in Louisville. Our Sabbath School among the poor flourishes. The cause of Temperance is prospering, and much good has been done. We have much to contend with in these Western Cities, in all moral and religious movements. Most settlers in these Cities have come principally for the purposes of *business*. Hence business has been and is the great absorbing pursuit; and in consequence, the time of moral and religious sentiment is lower than in our Eastern Cities. It becomes therefore necessary to use much exertion to awaken a religious interest, and when awakened, to render it permanent. But there is no ground for discouragement. On the contrary, the friends of humanity ought to rejoice, for every year the whole character of Western Society is improving. I am in hopes too that these great pecuniary difficulties under which the West is now prostrated, will be instrumental of spiritual good. With my best wishes &c.'

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

FAST SERMONS.

1. Our National Legislature. A discourse delivered before the first Parish in Cambridge, on the day of the Annual Fast, Thursday April 7th 1842. By William Newell, Pastor of the first Church in Cambridge—Cambridge John Owen. 1842.
2. A discourse on the state of the country, delivered in the first Church in Medford on the Annual Fast. April. 7 1842. By Caleb Stetson. Boston James Munroe and Company.

Here are two manly independent, faithful sermons. We are glad to see them published. We have heard of several others of a similar character preached on that day, which we wish might be given to the public. We are inclined to think the pulpit did its duty on that occasion in rebuking the sins of the people and their rulers, and in setting forth the dangers which threaten the republic. Mr Newell in illustrating his text, 'When the righteous are in authority the people rejoice, but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn.'—speaks as follows of the importance to us of, having the righteous in authority.'

'To come home to the General Government of our own beloved country, how much does the prosperity of our people depend on the wisdom or folly, the virtue or profligacy, of our statesmen! They may enact laws, which shall strike a fatal blow at important interests, not properly understood; they may adopt a course of legislation, whose remote, if not immediate consequences shall be destructive of public credit; they may fix upon a system of policy, which shall upturn or derange the commerce and manufactures of the country; they may aggravate the evils, which it is their business to cure, by a resort to insufficient and temporary expedients; they may force through measures partial in their operation and favoring one section of the Union at the expense of another; they may draw or drive us into a war with some foreign power; or they may foment the unholy spirit of party discord; they may light up the flames of sectional jealousy and dislike; and by their language and their conduct in our national assemblies, they may do much to pave the way for final disunion, to demoralize the public sentiment and to destroy the confidence of good men in the value and stability of our institutions. And, on the other hand, by their wisdom, moderation, generosity, and patriotism, they may guide the good ship of state in safety through the perils of her way; and preserves among a spirit of brotherly harmony and good-will. They may pursue a comprehensive, and far-sighted, and Christian policy; which will insure, in the end, the glory and true happiness of their country, as far as it depends upon them.

Now though, in a republican government like ours, the destiny of the people is less dependent on the character of their rulers than it is under a despotism, it is still always more or less dependent upon it, And it is of deep importance to our national well-being, that it should be what it ought. Those who occupy conspicuous stations in the community, and whose business it is to make and to administer the laws by which it is governed, exercise a powerful influence not only upon those to whom they are personally known, but upon a vast number living and to come, whom they can never see on earth. How important is it to the best interests of the country, that this influence should be wielded by pure and able hands! by men who are conscientious as well as capable, and capable as well as conscientious; by men not only of sound judgment and cultivated intellect, but of high principles and of unblemished character! For with us, as with other nations, when the righteous are in authority, the people rejoice; but when the wicked bear rule, the people mourn. If they are neglected and ruined by their government, their sufferings are the same, whether they are devoured by a monster of three hundred heads or of one; by a Congress or a King; by the sword of an Emperor or veto of a President.'

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In Mr Stetson discourse, the deplorable state of the country is considered as mainly attributable to two causes, its passion for gain, an impatience to be rich, extending to all classes, and the discordant elements of the Union, viz, a free and a slave-holding community. Its general character may be judged of, from the following passages:

'And what are our two great parties doing? What are the congregated wise men, who have been chosen to administer the government of a free people, doing all this time for the relief of suffering, and for the encouragement of industry? They are wrangling, calling hard names, passing votes of censure, and contriving schemes to destroy liberty of thought and speech in this insulted nation! This is what they are doing,—all they seem disposed to do, unless a majority may for a moment agree on some measure of compromise, adapted to ruin the interests of free labor.

But I do not wish to lay the blame of this unhappy state of things upon the General Government, nor upon either of the political parties, into which we are divided. This is not the time, nor the place, nor am I the man, to enter into partisan controversies. I have nothing to say for or against either party. I see little to hope for from either. The sooner both are broken up and resolved into their original elements, the better for the country.

We have been too long blind to the fact, that when the nation suffers, the people individually are in fault. Self-government is the central idea of our institutions. The public functionaries are such as the people have chosen to represent their wisdom or their folly, their principles or their vices. Hence we are ourselves responsible for the mischiefs brought upon us by misgovernment. We have chosen our rulers, and must abide the consequences. Since government and people are one, we do but 'eat the fruit of our own doings.' The administration is our creature and organ; such as it is, whether good or bad, public sentiment has made it.' * * * *

When the desire of gain predominates in a people over all the nobler sentiments and finer tastes, no wonder they lose their delicate sense of the rights of humanity. They care little for any violation of principle, or any encroachment upon freedom, until they feel it in their personal interests. This sordid spirit, combined with an extreme impatience of labor and its moderate rewards, has caused a mournful decay of integrity among us. We are a degraded and dishonored people. We cannot trust each other; and the world cannot trust us. How humbling it is to our national pride to be held up to the scorn of Europe for violating our sacred engagements! The crisis has at length come, to which we have for years been rapidly tending. We are a bankrupt nation, and a nation of bankrupts. Several of these United States are overwhelmed with debts. Some are unable to pay them, others deliberately refuse to pay them!

What ignominy is this! To what unutterable baseness must the citizens of a sovereign State be reduced, when their chosen representatives dare to repudiate the obligations, to which the sacred honor of the State is pledged! It can be accounted for only by the general unsettling of principle. Private men must have become familiar with fraud and double dealing. The old-fashioned honesty in transactions between men is held in slight esteem in some parts of the Union, or these things could not be. Men, who have had the management of great moneyed institutions, that have broken down under them, —after violating every principle of honor and good faith,—betraying every trust,—devouring the houses of widows and orphans without number,—embezzling or wasting millions upon millions committed to their charge,—can still walk the streets with faces erect, among the proudest of the land. The poor, ragged criminal, that has picked a pocket of a few dollars, is sent to the treadmill or the State Prison; while the great felon, who has reduced thousands to beggary, and poisoned the very fountains of public morality, is permitted to enjoy his plunder unmolested in the bosom of luxury and fashion. 'O where is the ancient faith.'

When such is the unsound state of sentiment among the people, how can we expect its public organs to be pure? We cannot look for any high principles, or disinterested and patriotic aims in their representatives. The people choose unto themselves idols in their own image. There will always be found among them base and sordid spirits, ready to lend or sell themselves to a domineering faction, which cares nothing for the interests or rights of the country.'

UNION PASTORAL ASSOCIATION.

The Union Pastoral Association will meet at Rev. N. S. Folsom's, in Haverhill on Monday, May 22d, at 11 o,clock.

SAMUEL OSGOOD, *Secretary*,

N. B. The change of time has been made for the accommodation of members wishing to be in Boston, during the week of Anniversaries.

BOOK AND PAMPHLET SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of the Book and Pamphlet Society for the choice of officers and other business of importance will be holden on Monday Evening next at 7 1-2 o'clock at the Hall at the corner of Washington Street and Temple Avenue. Entrance on Temple Avenue.

GEORGE W. BOND, *Secretary*.

OBITUARY.

For Register and Observer.

MRS. OTIS.

Died at her residence in Beacon Street, on Tuesday April 19th, Mrs Otis, widow of the late Samuel Allyne Otis of this city, aged 85. Those who knew her feel that in the death of this lady, the declaration of Scripture, 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints,' finds a fulfilment. It seemed meet that after such a life of quiet usefulness and exemplary piety, after such an old age of cheerful patience and devout submission, death should at last release the immortal spirit to soar to a better world, and be at rest. The father and grandfather of Mrs Otis were in succession deacons of Brattle Street Church, and men highly esteemed and venerated in their day; she herself was baptized at that Church by Dr Samuel Cooper, and, with a single exception, was the oldest person connected with that Society, and without any exception, a communicant of the longest standing. Very early in life she made a profession of her Christian faith and purposes, and connected herself with the Church of her fathers, of which she was ever an honored and worthy member, adorning her life and conversation with Christian graces and virtues. The two great commandments, 'thou shall love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself' were the rule of her life, producing in her a cheerful and elevated piety, a disinterested and self-forgetting benevolence. Though she did not neglect any duty she owed to the community, she did not make herself actively conspicuous in general society; but in the circle of her family connexion and friends, which was large and extensive, she was ever, and to the latest hour of life distinguished for her thoughtfulness of others, her readiness to sacrifice her own wishes and convenience to their pleasure and comfort. United with this, however, was a modest but unshaken firmness of purpose, which led her to do and say what she thought right. The sun of her character, that which gave to it light and heat, and caused its virtues to germinate and bear fruit, was a cheerful and child-like piety. She loved God with a devout and supreme affection, and ever looked out upon life through the immediate light of his providence. Therefore she saw goodness and beauty and mercy in every thing. She saw the bright side of every character; she saw the bright spot in every event, and beheld rays of glory and peace tinging the borders of every cloud that overshadowed her path. During the long confinement that preceded her death, she was invariably cheerful, never failing of the submission due to God, or of the consideration due to others. Meek, patient, cheerful, with a spirit ever uplifted to God, she fell asleep in Jesus, like an infant seeking repose. Well may we say of her 'blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, They rest from their labors and their works follow them.'

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Legislature of Rhode Island.—In pursuance of a warrant issued by Gov. King, of Rhode Island, the General Assembly of that State convened in Providence on Monday last. A manly, spirited, and highly patriotic Message was communicated to the Assembly, by the Governor, and was referred to a Committee consisting of ten members, being two from each County in the State, viz: Messrs Randolph, Church, J. H. Clarke, Mathewson, Dixon, Barber, Spencer, Hoxie, Bosworth, and Howe.

On Tuesday the Committee reported the following Resolutions.

Resolved, by the General Assembly, (the Senate concurring with the House of Representatives herein,) That his Excellency the Governor be, and he is hereby authorized to take such measures as he shall deem necessary to protect and preserve the public property of this State; or, in case he shall deem any portion of the same unsafe in its present situation, to remove said property to such place of safety as he shall think proper.

Resolved, That the Major General, under the direction of the Governor, be, and hereby is, authorized to enlist and accept the services of any number of volunteer soldiers, to be employed in the service of this State, for the protection of the property, and in execution of the laws of this State; and that such volunteers as may be enlisted, be organized into companies and regiments, and officered by the Governor; and that the Governor be, and he is hereby, authorized to draw on the General Treasurer for such sums as may be necessary for raising and maintaining such soldiery.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor be, and he, is hereby, authorized to recall any arms or cannon that have been loaned by the General Assembly, to any of the independent or chartered companies of this State, or to any other person or persons.

Resolved, That
RICHARD K. RANDOLPH,
JAMES FENNER,
EDWARD CARRINGTON,
LEMUEL H. ARNOLD,
WILKINS UPDIKE,
PELEG WILBUR, and
BYRON DIMAN,

be, and they hereby are, appointed a Board of Councillors, to advise with his Excellency the Governor as to the executive measures proper to be taken in the present emergency of this State; and that his Excellency the Governor, be, and he hereby is, authorized, at the expense of the State, to employ a Private Secretary, to aid him in his duties.

Resolved, That his Excellency the Governor be, and he hereby is, authorized to fill any vacancies which may exist in the offices of the militia of this State, and to commission any officers whom he may appoint to fill such vacancies.

Normal Schools.—The Normal School of Lexington, was examined on Tuesday the 19th inst. Though the weather was unfavorable, there was a good attendance of intellegent friends of education from Boston, Salem and the neighboring towns. The Board of Education, School Committees, &c., were also present. The Evening Gazette gives the following account of the state of the school.

This school is under the superintendence of the Rev. Cyrus Pierce, and is composed exclusively of females preparing to become teachers; most of whom were of an age suitable to take charge of a school. The pupils about fifty in number, were thoroughly examined not only in the branches of a common English school education; but in the higher walks of learning, and seemed perfectly at home in all the mysteries of Geometry, Trigonometry and Algebra to the solution of abstruse Quadratic Equations. The audience seemed scarcely less surprised than gratified at the thoroughness, extent and variety of the attainments of the young ladies.

But the examination was not confined to books. A very interesting part of it consisted in questions and answers concerning the general principles of school-keeping—modes of government—of teaching—of the mental and physical development of faculties, defects of the present system of village schools, and school-houses, and the remedies &c.

The result was in the highest degree satisfactory, and made the audience sensible that the importance of these schools had not been duly appreciated or understood by them. They will form a new era in the history of Common Schools.

The community owes much to the wisdom of the Legislature which established these schools, and has agreed to sustain them three years longer. They promise to work a reformation beyond the most sanguine anticipation of the wise and philanthropic individuals who labored in the establishment, and have, with unparalled liberality, contributed to the support of the general system connected with them.

English Horror of Slavery.—The first volume of the narrative of the circumnavigation of the frigate Artemise, under the command of Capt. Laplace, has been issued from the French Navy Department, with every aid and distinction. In regard to the British suppression of the slave trade on the African coast, Capt. Laplace relates that many of the blacks found in the captured slavers, are, when brought to Free Town, at once given up to traders from the interior, who conduct them towards the South, where they are delivered to captains, who contrive to be taken by the British cruisers, and divide with the captors, by collusion, the premium or salvage, per head, allowed by the government.—*New York Sun.*

We should hope, for the honor of humanity that the above statement is not true. If it is, it only shews the unfaithfulness and wickedness of certain individual servants of the English government, and should be, by no means, attributed to the English as a nation. No person can reasonably doubt that such iniquity, when once suspected, would be soon ferreted out and punished. We say this, not because there is not evidence, that England, as a nation, is not in the continual perpetration and of support of greater iniquities than this; but they have quite a different aspect. This is too execrably mean to be tolerated by public sentiment, whilst the great sins of the nation are upon a scale so large and imposing, as either to blind or pervert, in a good degree, the public judgement.

The late Dr. Harris.—The Georgia Historical Society have passed several resolutions, in testimony of their respect for the memory, and their estimation of the literary character and services of the Rev. T. M. Harris, D. D., late of Dorchester, in this State.

New Process of Dyeing.—The *Commerce* announces that the Russian Government had purchased for the sum of 1,000,000 roubles the new process of dyeing blue by means of which the price of dyeing a piece of cloth is reduced to six francs from 32. M. Casimir Perier, the French Minister at St. Petersburgh, was in treaty with the inventor for the acquisition of his discovery, which would 'free France from the tribute which she pays yearly to both Indies for indigo.'

Massachusetts is now the most densely peopled State in the Union, having 95 persons to the square mile.

Liberality.—The United Societies of Shakers at Canterbury and Enfield, have contributed five hundred dollars to the funds of the N. H. Asylum for the Insane.

Rhode Island.—The political affairs of our sister State have assumed a shape which presents them in an important aspect to the whole Union. The banner of insurrection against the regularly established Government of the State, under which the people have lived happily and prosperously for a long series of years, has just now been raised, by the Agrarians. They seek, all at once, a new form of Government, under a pretended and new born sense of oppression—and, scorning all the forms of law and established proceeding, under which the reform they seek may be readily obtained, and has already been offered them, they claim the right to overthrow one Government, and establish another, by the tumultuous movement of a mob. The Governor, and the General Assembly, have conducted themselves, thus far, with appropriate manliness and becoming propriety. We hope and trust they will maintain the patriotic ground they have thus far assumed, and they will assure to themselves the undivided support of all good citizens of our country.

Congress.—The doings of Congress have been somewhat interesting for the past two weeks; though but little important business has been matured.

The loan bill has passed both Houses and has become a law. The Retrenchment Committee in Congress have reported in favor of a reduction of the travelling compensation of members, so as to make a saving, in both Houses, amounting to upwards of 77,000 a year.

The House proceeded on the 13th to the consideration of the appropriation bill. The House was addressed by Messrs. Wise, Butler, C. J. Ingersoll and Adams. Of Mr. Adams, the correspondent of the Baltimore Patriot says:

'His speech commanded the undivided attention of the House, and every man is listening with eyes and ears open. The most breathless attention pervaded the Hall and mainly for the learning and ability and strong moral sentiment which characterized the remarks of the Ex-President upon the subject of peace and war.

British Colonial Trade.—Mr. Cushing, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted a report in the House of Representatives on the subject of the commercial intercourse between this country and Great Britain. The Report, after referring to various particulars in which the present commercial regulations operate in a manner very adverse to the interests and prosperity of our citizens and the country generally,—closed with the following resolution:

'*Resolved*, That the President of the U. States be, and he hereby is requested, to enter into negotiations with the British Government, for the purpose of effecting a permanent, equitable and just arrangement of the commerce between the United States and the British Colonies in America.' Ordered to be printed, with the accompanying report, and its consideration postponed for a week.

Bey of Tunis and the Slave Trade.—The British and Foreign Antislavery Society have adopted an address to the Bey of Tunis, expressive of their high sense of the proceedings he has adopted towards the extermination of the Slave Trade, and their hope that he will extend his views to the abolition of Slavery itself.

Finland.—We are told by Mr Gallebrand of Russia, that the people of Finland, as well as of Sweeden *all read*. No one is allowed to be married who cannot read.

Bishops of England.—There are two archbishops in England, and twenty five bishops. The annual income of the archbishop of Canterbury is $85,000. That of the other bishops will average about $23,000. This statement was made, by a gentleman recently travelling in England, in reply to a very exaggerated account of the income of the bishops. He further states that the bishops are, for the most part generous and free in their expenditures for the benefit of the poor: that the episcopal incomes, taxed as they are by the necessity of large establishments and extensive hospitality, are rather two small than two large, and that instances of hoarding money and dying rich are in the highest degree uncommon.

Jews of Russia.—The Emperor of Russia has issued an Ukase relative to the conversion of Israelites to the Christian Religion, and decreeing the certain advantages and privileges shall be granted them.

The Bishop of Jerusalem.—A Correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, in a letter dated Constantinople, February 25, states, that soon after Dr. Alexander's arrival at Jerusalem, groups of Christians, men and boys, collected at different times round his abode, and expressed their hostility by groans and offensive exclamations.—When he went forth for exercise, he was followed by many low vagabonds, among whom were several Jews, reviling and insulting him; and, lastly, when he performed Divine service, which took place, it is said, publicly, greater crowds assembled and interrupted him, not only with hootings and menaces, but by acts amounting almost to personal injury. The Consul complained to the Governor, who ordered that any persons who repeated such conduct should be seized and chastised; but he declined to appoint a regular guard, or to issue any firman, which might be construed into a recognition of the Bishop's rank. A report was then forwarded to Sir Stratford Canning; and His Excellency addressed a communication to the Porte, demanding that orders should be issued to the Governor of Jerusalem, to grant the required protection. No specific answer has been returned.

Syrian Missions.—We understand that the intelligence from these Missions is of an unfavorable character. It appears that the Druses, suspecting some treachery on the part of the British Agent, had assailed the English and American Missions, plundered and destroyed their establishments, burned their books and manuscripts, and expelled the Missionaries from the country.

Division Among the Jews.—A declaration of excommunication has been issued by the Chief Rabbi and Beth-din of the German and Portuguese Synagogues of London against the members of the West London Synagogue of British Jews, (Burton street, Burton crescent,) and, in due course, forwarded by Sir Moses Montofire (as the president of the board of deputies) to the four wardens of the Western Synagogue (St. Alban's place) for proclamation. Three of the four refusing to allow its publication in their synagogue, the question was referred to 'the managing committee' thereof, by whom it was rejected on a division; the numbers being seven against three.—And a sub-committee was accordingly re-appointed to prepare a letter of reply to Sir Thomas Montofire, setting forth the reasons of the decision. The reception given to the Chief Rabbi's *bull of excommunication* at Portsmouth has been similar, the president of that synagogue having at once committed it to the flames. What reception it will meet with in other places remains to be seen.—*London Examiner.*

MARRIAGES.

In this city, by Rev Mr Clark, Mr Moses H. Wetherbee to Miss Frances G. Hull.

In this city, by Rev John Weart, Mr James W. Hobbs to Miss Helen M., daughter of Eleazar Pratt, Esq, all of this city.

In Roxbury, by Mr Abiel S Lewis to Miss Elsey Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Charles Davis, Esq.

In Cambridge, Mr James Marden, of Portsmouth. N H. to Miss Vienna M Currier.

In Northampton, 20th inst. at the mansion of the Rev Dr Allen, by Rev Addison Searle, Frederick W Choat, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Eliza M Breck, of N.

DEATHS.

In this city, 24th inst., Wm. Henry, eldest son of M. and Caroline Ryan, 5 years.

On Wednesday morning, Josephine A. Ware, youngest child of Mr Joshua Ware, aged 8 years and 5 mos.

In this city, Mrs Delix Withington, 28.

In Cambridgeport, 23d inst., Margaret, youngest daughter of Thomas W. Short, 18.

In Waltham, April 16, Mrs Harriet Newell, wife of John L. Perkins, 25.

In New Orleans, 15th inst., Mrs Priscilla Childs, 18, wife of Capt. Arthur Childs, of ship Ondiaka, and daughter of Col. Jos. Glidden, of Newcastle, Me.

Lost overboard from sch'r Only Son, from Attakapas, for Philadelphia, Mr James Hayde, seaman, a native of Providence.

BOOTS AND SHOES—THEO. H. BELL, 155 Washington street, opposite the Old South Church, respectfully informs his friends and the public in general, that he has received his full supply of Spring and Summer Boots and Shoes, of the latest styles, and of every description, consisting in part of Ladies Kid Ties and Slips, of all colors, 75 to 1,25
" Light and Black Gaiter Boots, 2,00 to 2,50
" " " Half Gaiters, 1,25 to 1,50
" " " Gaiter Shoes, 1,25 to 1,50
" Fine Kid and Morocco Village Lace, 1,13 to 1,38
" Fine Kid and Morocco Ties, spring heels and runarounds, 1,00 to 1,85
" Kid Ties and Slips, 50 to 75
Gents Fine French Calf Boots, 5,50 to 6,00
" Fine and Common Calf Boots, 3,50 to 5,00
" Fine Goat Boots, 3,50, to 4,50
" Calf, Goat and seal peg'd Boots, 2,50 to 3,00
" Calf, Goat and Cloth high cut Shoes, 1,75 to 2,25
" Kid Walking Pumps, 1,37 to 1,75
Misses, Boy's and Children's Boots, and Shoes of every description and quality.

Persons in pursuit of a first rate article of Boots and Shoes will do well to call as above, as every article is particularly made for the subscriber and warranted, they can depend upon having a prime article at the lowest market price. A large assortment of French Shoes constantly on hand of the latest patterns. 2mis a 30

JUVENILE CIRCULATING LIBRARY—The subscribers propose, as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, to open a Circulating Library for the benefit of Children and Youth. The collection will comprise all the most popular, interesting and instructive works for the young, including the writings of Edgeworth, Hofland, Mary Howitt, Wm. Howitt, Miss Sedgwick, the Messrs Abbott, Parley, Sherwood, Hawthorne, &c. &c., and all new works suited to the purpose will be added soon as published. They are induced to attempt this novel plan at the earnest request of many parents, and trust that it will meet the wants of the community. WM CROSBY & CO,
a30 118 Washington street.

NEW BOOKS.—The Climate of the United States, and its epidemic influences, based chiefly on the records of the Medical Department and Assistant General's office, United States army. By Samuel Forry, M. D.

The Zincali, or an account of the Gypsies of Spain, with an original collection of their songs and poetry. By George Barron, 'late Agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society in Spain.'

The Daughters of England.—Their position in society, character and responsibilities.—By Mrs. Ellis.

Miscellaneous Poems—By Mrs. Jane E. Locke.—Zanoni, a Tale, by Sir Edward L. Bulwer, 2 vols, 12mo.

The Western Juvenile Harp, arranged for Sabbath and other Schools, by P. Frost.

The Man of Two Worlds, by Dr. William A. Alcott, author of House I live in &c.

Motts Travels—No. 5 of Ure's Dictionary of Arts Manufacturers and Mines,—No. 14 Box's Works, do Coopers Sea Tales and Encyclopedia Americana.

Sold wholesale andretailby SAXTON & PEIRCE, 133 Washington street. ap 30.

DEPOSITORY FOR SABBATH SCHOOL BOOKS—WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st., have for sale an extensive collection of Books suitable for Sunday Schools and Juvenile Libraries. In addition to those which they have previously offered for sale, they are now prepared to supply all that have been issued during the past year:

The following list comprises a part of their assortment:

The Sunday School Present; the Christmas Eve; Juvenile Dramas, verses and stories.

Biographical Stories, by Hawthorne; Daughters of England.

The Crofton Boy, by Harriet Martineau; the Peasant and Prince, by Harriet Martineau; the Settlers at Home, do; Norway and Norwegians, do.

Family Secrets, by Mrs. Ellis; Jonesville Hall, by Mrs Ellis; Jessie Graham; Early Friendships.

Wealth and Worth; Words in a Sunday School; Paul Preston's Gymnasium; the Child's Gem; the Child's Token; Mrs. Marcet's Stories.

Rollo Code of Morals; Irving's Memoir of Margaret Davidson; Miss Sedgwick's do of Lucretia Davidson; Julian, or scenes in Judea, by Wm. Ware; Ware's Inquiry.

Gems from Travellers; Voice to Youth; Eastern Antiquities.

Man a Soul, by A. B. Muzzey; Moral and Spiritual Culture; Cousin Lucy at Play; do at Study; do Stories; do Conversations.

Jonas on a Farm in Winter; do do in Summer.

Rollo Philosophy, 2vols; Which is the Wiser, by Mary Howitt; Poplar Grove; Grace and Clara.

Florence Arnott; Discontented Robins; Mrs Hofland's Tales; the Youth's Keepsake; the Annualette.

Tales, by Mrs. Lee, Old Oak Tree; Spring and Summer; Autumn and Winter; Fresh Flowers; Selections from Fenelon; Looking Glass for the Mind. Mary Howitt's Works; Frank Hearty, the country boy; Bible Quadrupeds, &c. &c.

Manuals for Sabbath Schools.

Allen's Questions, first, second and third parts; Peabody's First Book for Sunday Schools; Peabody's Sunday School Hymn Book.

Walker's Service Book; Abstract of Geneva Catechism; Worcester Catechism; Channing's do; Carpenter's do.

Bible Biography; Scripture Truths; Sunday School Lessons; Fox's Sunday School Prayer Book—Fox's Ministry of Christ, &c. &c.

W. C. & CO. pay particular attention to furnishing Sabbath School Libraries.

Books will be sent for examination whenever desired, and those found unsuitable may be returned or exchanged. Orders from Clergymen and others punctually attended to. a30

A NEW AND VALUABLE BOOK.—The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation.—A book for the Times. By an American Citizen. For sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington street, Boston.

[From the Christian Watchman, (Baptist) Boston.]

We can assure our teachers that they will find it well worth reading. It is systematic, logical, and philosophical. The part of it which relates to the Jewish history is highly valuable, as well as other portions which are less original in the general course of thought. Its general tenor and spirit is such as commend it to a reflecting and discriminating mind.

[From the Presbyterian, Phi'adelphia.]

We regard the whole performance as the effort of an enlightened and logical mind; it has freshness; its style is classical; it is not in the common place routine of most modern books. If it does not present new ideas is exhibits them under a new aspect. It is in a word a book that may be read with much profit by those who find themselves troubled with doubts about the truth of Divine Revelation. We have ourselves read it with more than ordinary interest, and we propose to give it a second perusal, which we are sure it will bear.

Recently published by Tappan & Dennet.

An Appeal to the Child of Many Prayers, on Questions Concerning the Great Salvation, 18mo. cloth.

The Individual Obligation of Christians to save Souls from Death. By D. E. Ford.

Hawthorne's Historical Tales for Youth, viz. Grandfather's Chair, Liberty Tree and Famous Old People.

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Foreign Travel and Life at Sea, by Charles Rockwell late of the U. S. Navy. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Great Awakening.—A History of the Revival of Religion in the Times of Edwards, Whitefield, Sewall and Tennent. By Rev. Joseph Tracy. 2nd Edition 8vo., cloth with Portraits.—*Boston Recorder.*

MANUALS, &c. for SABBATH SCHOOLS—The first Book for Sunday Schools, by A. P. P. Peabody—the Portsmouth Sunday School Hymn Book, by A. P. P. Peabody—the Ministry of Christ, with Questions, by T. B. Fox—the Sunday School Prayer Book, by T. B. Fox; Hints to Teachers of Sunday Schools, by T. B. Fox—Scripture Truths in form of Questions and Answers—Sunday School Guide, by A. B. Muzzey; Allen's Questions, 3 parts; Worcester Association Catechism—Channing's Catechism—the Child's First Catechism in Verse, designed for Sunday Schools; Walker's Service Book; Greenwood's Social Services—Nichol's Natural Theology, plates—Livermore's Commentary—Martineau's Devotional Exercises—Mr Follen's Songs; for sale by JAMES MUNROE & CO, 134 Washington st., opposite School st. a30

BIBLES, HYMN AND PRAYER BOOKS—Commentaries, Questions and Notes on the Scriptures, for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st. a 23

SCRIPTURAL INTERPRETER—A few copies of this valuable work, edited by the Rev. E. S. Gannett, complete in 7 vols, neatly bound in cloth. Received and for sale by WM. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a30

MRS. OPIE'S COMPLETE WORKS—The Works of Mrs Amelia Opie, complete in 3vols, royal 8vo, handsomely printed and put in neat binding—for sale very low by WM. CROSBY & CO., No 118 Washington st. a30

FUNERAL ADDRESS—Just published by B. H. GREENE. An address delivered in the first Church in Dorchester, Thursday, April 7, 1842, at the funeral of Rev. Thaddeus Mason Harris, D. D., formerly Pastor of that Church, by Nathaniel Hall, its present pastor. Also published as above, the services at the ordination of Rev J. I. T. Coolidge, as Pastor of Purchase street Church. a 30

NEAL'S HISTORY OF THE PURITANS,—Or the rise, principles, and sufferings of the Protestant Dissenters, to the glorious era of the Revolution, abridged; in 2 volumes, by Edward Parsons; with a life of the author, by Joshua Toulman, D. D. 2nd ed., for sale by J. MUNROE & CO., 134 Washington st. a 30

DAILY FOOD—A Pocket Manual for Christians—Being a Promise, and another scriptural portion for every day in the year: together with a verse of a Hymn—With four beautiful steel engravings. The best edition published. A lot in an improved style of binding richly gilt. Also in cheap cloth—$1,50 per dozen. Published and for sale by TAPPAN & DENNET, 114 Washington st a 30

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CHURCH LAMPS, COMMUNION WARE, &c.—The subscribers offer for sale a complete assortment of Lamps, suitable for lighting Churches, Halls, Houses and Stores—including the new Solar and Hydrostatic, which are the best and cheapest Lamps now in use.

Plated and Britannia Communion Ware, in all its varieties. Also, a large assortment of Gold and Silver Watches, Chains and Keys, Silver Plated and Britannia Ware, Clocks, Tea Trays, Table Cutlery, Military Goods, and a great variety of fancy articles, suitable for presents, &c. For sale on favorable terms by HARRIS STANWOOD & CO, a30 29 Tremont Row, Boston.

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Tecumseh, or The West Thirty Years Since; by George H Colton.

A Voice to Youth, addressed to Young Men and Ladies; by Rev J M Austin.

Just received by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a23

NOTICE.

JAMES TOLMAN, No. 6 Congress street, has just received a complete assortment of Goods for Spring and Summer wear—consisting of all the varieties of Broadcloths Cassimeres and Vestings, and all other articles usually found in a Merchant Tailors establishment.

The above stock is fresh, and of the most desirable styles. All garments sold for prices, and made in a manner, that shall not be surpassed for cheapness and goodness by any other establishment in the city.—Friends and the public are invited to call. 3m a23

BOSTON CIRCULATING LIBRARY.—Recently added: The Edinburg, Quarterly, Westminster, and London Quarterly Reviews; Blackwood's, Bently's and the Dublin University Magazines; The North American Review for April; also a large supply of Bulwer's New Novel; for sale by W. CROSBY & CO, 118 Washington st. a 23

DICKENS'S WORKS FOR $4.—further

POETRY.

JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

'Randolph was near his end. Dr. —— was sitting by the table, and his man, John, sitting by the bed in perfect silence, when he closed his eyes, and for a few moments seemed, by his hard breathing, to be asleep. But, as the sequel proved, it was the intense working of his mind. Opening his keen eyes upon the doctor, he said, sharply, '*Remorse!*' soon afterwards, more emphatically, REMORSE!' presently, at the top of his strength, he cried out, 'REMORSE!' He then added, 'Let me see the word.' The doctor, not comprehending his desire, made no reply. Randolph then said to him, with great energy, 'Let me see the word. Show it me in a dictionary.' The doctor looked round, and told him there was none in the room. 'Write it, then, said R. The doctor perceiving one of R.'s engraved cards laying on the table, asked if he should write it on that. 'Nothing more proper,' was the reply. The doctor then wrote the word in pencil, under the printed name, and handed it to Randolph. He seized it, and, holding it up to his eyes with great earnestness, seemed much agitated. After a few seconds, he handed back the card, saying, 'Write it on the other side.' The doctor did so, in large letters. He took it again, and, after gazing earnestly upon it for a few seconds, returned it, and said, 'Lend John your pencil, and let him put a stroke under it.' The black man took the pencil and did so, leaving it on the table."

The gloomy shadows of the tomb
Over that proud one spread;
And by the pulseless limb he felt
A hastening to the dead.

He saw his cherished dreams depart,
His matchless powers decay;
And e'en his lofty titled hopes
Fade in that mist away.

He groaned, as inward'ly he felt
The solitude of death;
Yet pierced his soul a keener pang,—
A sword not earth could sheath.

He called upon his glory then,
And on his mighty name;
And summoned up his dignities,
His proud ancestral fame.

Ay, and they failed him—failed to quench
The burning fire within;
Not gold or glory, wealth or fame,
Can o'er shroke from sin.

He stretched his vision onward, far
Beyond the cheerless tomb;
His spirit shrank,—for Bethlehem's star
Illumined not the gloom.

In anguish, gathering up his strength,
'*Remorse!*' REMORSE!' he cried;
'REMORSE!' engrave it with my name,
As to my fame allied.'

And then that mighty mind retired;
The spirit onward went;
Leaving his epitaph, REMORSE,
REMORSE, his monument.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

'Sam,' said Mr Michael Johnson of Litchfield, one morning, 'I am very feeble and ailing to-day. You must go to Uttoxeter in my stead, and tend the bookstall in the market-place there.'

This was spoken, above a hundred years ago, by an elderly man, who had once been a thriving bookseller at Litchfield, in England. Being now in reduced circumstances, he was forced to go, every market-day, and sell books at a stall, in the neighboring village of Uttoxeter.

His son, to whom Mr. Johnson spoke, was a great boy of very singular aspect. He had an intelligent face; but it was seamed and distorted by a scrofulous humor, which affected his eyes so badly, that sometimes he was almost blind.

When Mr. Michael Johnson spoke, Sam pouted, and made an indistinct grumbling in his throat; then he looked his old father in the face, and answered him loudly and deliberately.

'Sir,' said he, 'I will not go to Uttoxeter market!'

'Well, Sam, said Mr. Johnson, as he took his hat and staff, 'if, for the sake of your foolish pride, you can suffer your poor sick father to stand all day in the noise and confusion of the market, when he ought to be in his bed, I have no more to say. But you will think of this, Sam, when I am dead and gone!'

But when the old man's figure, as he went stooping along the street, was no more to be seen, the boy's heart began to smite him. He had a vivid imagination; and it tormented him with the image of his father, standing in the market-place of Uttoxeter, and offering his books to the noisy crowd around him.

'My poor father!' thought Sam to himself. How his head will ache, and how heavy his heart will be! I am almost sorry that I did not do as he bade me!'

Then the boy went to his mother, who was busy about the house. She did not know of what had passed between Mr. Johnson and Sam.

'Mother,' said he, 'did you think father seemed very ill to-day?'

'Yes, Sam,' answered his mother, turning with a flushed face from the fire, where she was cooking their scanty dinner. 'Your father did look very ill; and it is a pity he did not send you to Uttoxeter in his stead. You are a great boy, now, and would rejoice, I am sure, to do something for your poor father, who has done so much for you.'

The lad made no reply. But again his imagination set to work, and conjured up another picture of poor Michael Johnson. He was standing in the hot sunshine of the market-place, and looking so weary, sick, and disconsolate, that the eyes of all the crowd were drawn to him. 'Had this old man no son,' the people would say among themselves, 'who might have taken his place at the bookstall, while the father kept his bed?' And perhaps—but this was a terrible thought for Sam!—perhaps his father would faint away, and fall down in the market-place, with his gray hair in the dust, and his venerable face as deathlike as that of a corpse. And there would be the bystanders gazing earnestly at Mr. Johnson, and whispering, 'Is he dead? Is he dead?'

And Sam shuddered, as he repeated to himself; 'Is he dead?'

'Oh,' I have been a cruel son!' thought he, within his own heart. 'God forgive me! God forgive me!'

But God could not yet forgive him; for he was not truly penitent. Had he been so, he would have hastened away, that very moment, to Uttoxeter, and have fallen at his father's feet, even in the midst of the crowded market-place. There he would have confessed his fault, and besought Mr. Johnson to go home, and leave the rest of the day's work to him. But such was Sam's pride and natural stubborness, that he could not bring himself to this humiliation. Yet he ought to have done so, for his own sake, and for his father's sake, and for God's sake.

After sunset, old Michael Johnson came slowly home and sat down in his customary chair. He said nothing to Sam; nor do I know that a single word ever passed between them, on the subject of the son's disobedience.

But, one thing I must not neglect to say. From his boyhood upward, until the latest day of his life, he never forgot the story of Uttoxeter market. Often, when he was a scholar of the University of Oxford, or master of an Academy at Edial, or a writer for the London booksellers—in all his poverty and toil, and in all his success—while he was walking the streets without a shilling to buy food, or when the greatest men of England were proud to feast him at their table,—still that heavy and remorseful thought came back to him:—'I was cruel to my poor father in his illness!' Many and many a time, awake or in his dreams, he seemed to see old Michael Johnson, standing in the dust and confusion of the market-place, and pressing his withered hand to his forehead, as if it ached.

Alas! my dear children, it is a sad thing to have such a thought as this, to bear us company through life.

Well, my children, fifty years had passed away, since young Sam Johnson had shown himself so hard-hearted towards his father. It was now market-day in the village of Uttoxeter.

There was a clock in the gray tower of the ancient church; and the hands on the dial-plate had now almost reached the hour of noon. At this busiest hour of the market, a strange old gentleman was seen making his way among the crowd. He was very tall and bulky, and wore a brown coat and small clothes, with black worsted stockings and buckled shoes. On his head was a three-cornered hat, beneath which a bushy gray wig thrust itself out, all in disorder. The old gentleman elbowed the people aside, and forced his way through the midst of them, with a singular kind of gait, rolling his body hither and thither, so that he needed twice as much room as any other person there.

'What a queer old fellow this is!' muttered the people among themselves, hardly knowing whether to laugh or to be angry.

But, when they looked into the venerable stranger's face, not the most thoughtless among them dared to offer him the least impertinence. Though his features were scarred and distorted with the scrofula, and though his eyes were dim and bleared, yet there was something of authority and wisdom in his look, which impressed them all with awe. So they stood aside to let him pass; and the old gentleman made his way across the market-place, and paused near the corner of the ivy-mantled church. Just as he reached it, the clock struck twelve.

On the very spot of ground, where the stranger now stood, some aged people remembered that old Michael Johnson had formerly kept his bookstall. The little children, who had once bought picture-books of him, were grandfathers now.

'Yes; here is the very spot!' muttered the old gentleman to himself.

But the stranger seemed not to notice it, any more than if the silence of a desert were around him. He was wrapt in his own thoughts. Sometimes he raised his furrowed brow to heaven as if in prayer; sometimes he bent his head, as if an insupportable weight of sorrow were upon him. It increased the awfulness of his aspect, that there was a motion of his head, and an almost continual tremor throughout his frame, with singular twitchings and contortions of his features.

The hot sun blazed upon his unprotected head; but he seemed to feel not its fervor. A dark cloud swept across the sky, and rain-drops pattered into the market-place; but the stranger heeded not the shower. The people began to gaze at the mysterious old gentleman, with superstitious fear and wonder. Who could he be? Whence did he come? Wherefore was he standing bare-headed in the market-place? Even the school-boys left the Merry-Andrew, and came to gaze, with wide-open eyes, at this tall, strange-looking old man.

There was a cattle-drover in the village, who had recently made a journey to the Smithfield market, in London. No sooner had this man thrust his way through the throng, and taken a look at the unknown personage, than he whispered to one of his acquaintances:

'I say, neighbor Hutchins, would ye like to know who this old gentleman is?'

'Aye, that I would,' replied neighbor Hutchins; 'for a queerer chap I never saw in my life! Somehow, it makes me feel small to look at him. He's more than a common man.'

'You may well say so,' answered the cattle-drover. 'Why, that's the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson, who, they say, is the greatest and learnedest man in England. I saw him in London streets, walking with one Mr. Boswell.'

Yes; the poor boy—the friendless Sam—with whom we began our story, had become the famous Doctor Samuel Johnson! He was universally acknowledged as the wisest man and greatest writer in all England. He had given shape and permanence to his native language, by his Dictionary. Thousands upon thousands of people had read his Idler, his Rambler, and his Rasselas. Noble and wealthy men, and beautiful ladies, deemed it their highest privilege to be his companions. Even the king of Great Britain had sought his acquaintance, and told him what an honor he considered it, that such a man had been born in his dominions. He was now at the summit of literary renown.

But all his fame could not extinguish the bitter remembrance, which had tormented him through life. Never, never, had he forgotten his father's sorrowful and upbraiding look. Never—though the old man's troubles had been over, so many years—had he forgiven himself for inflicting such a pang upon his heart. And now, in his own old age, he had come hither to do penance, by standing at noon-day in the market-place of Uttoxeter, on the very spot where Michael Johnson had once kept his bookstall. The aged and illustrious man had done what the poor boy refused to do. By thus expressing his deep repentance and humiliation of heart, he hoped to gain peace of conscience, and the forgiveness of God.

My dear children, if you have grieved—I will not say, your parents—but, if you have grieved the heart of any human being, who has a claim upon your love, then think of Samuel Johnson's penance! Will it not be better to redeem the error now, than to endure the agony of remorse for fifty years? Would you not rather say to a brother—'I have erred! Forgive me!' than perhaps to go hereafter, and shed bitter tears upon his grave?

TRUSTING AN INDIAN CHIEF,

Or confidence returned.

The following interesting account from Merry's Museum, is, we think, incorrect in one particular. The scene of the story was our birth-place, and it has been familiar to us from our boyhood. We have always understood that it was a little girl and not a boy that was entrusted to the Indian chief.

One of the first settlers in Western New York, was Judge W., who established himself at whitestown, about four miles from Utica. He brought his family with him, among whom was a widowed daughter with an only child—a fine boy of about four years old. You will recollect that the country around was an unbroken forest, and this was the domain of the savage tribes.

Judge W. saw the necessity of keeping on good terms with the Indians, for as he was nearly alone, he was completely at their mercy. Accordingly, he took every opportunity to assure them of his kindly feelings, and to secure their good will in return. Several of the chiefs came to see him, and all appeared pacific. But there was one thing that troubled him; an aged chief of the Seneca tribe, and one of great influence, who resided at a distance of about six miles, had not yet been to see him; nor could he by any means, ascertain the feelings and views of the sachem in respect to his settlement in that region. At last he sent him a message, and the answer was, that the chief would visit him on the morrow.

True to his appointment, the sachem came. Judge W. received him with marks of respect, and introduced his wife, his daughter, and the little boy.—The interview that followed was deeply interesting. Upon its result, the Judge conceived that his security might depend, and he was, therefore, exceedingly anxious to make a favorable impression upon the distinguished chief. He expressed to him his desire to settle in the country; to live on terms of amity and good fellowship with the Indians; and to be useful to them by introducing among them the arts of civilization.

The chief heard him out, and then said, 'Brother, you ask much, and you promise much.—What pledge can you give of your faith?'

'The honor of a man that never knew deception,' was the reply.

'The white man's word may be good to the white man, yet it is but wind when spoken to the Indian,' said the sachem.

'I have put my life into your hands,' said the Judge; 'is not this an evidence of my good intentions? I have placed confidence in the Indian, and I will not believe that he will abuse or betray the trust that is thus reposed.'

'So much is well,' replied the chief; 'the Indian will repay confidence with confidence; if you will trust him, he will trust you. But I must have a pledge. Let this boy go with me to my wigwam; I will bring him back in three days with my answer.'

If an arrow had pierced the bosom of the mother, she could not have felt a deeper pang than went to her heart, as the Indian made this proposal. She sprang from her seat, and rushing to the boy who stood at the side of the sachem, looking into his face with pleased wonder and admiration; she encircled him in her arms, and pressing him close to her bosom, was about to fly from the room. A gloomy and ominous frown came over the sachem's brow, but he did not speak.

But not so with Judge W. He knew that the success of the enterprise, the very lives of his family depended upon the decision of the moment. 'Stay, stay, my daughter!' said he. 'Bring back the boy, I beseech you. I would not risk a hair of his head. He is not more dear to you, than me. But my child, he must go with the chief. God will watch over him. He will be as safe in the sachem's wigwam as beneath our roof and in your arms.'

I shall not attempt to describe the agony of the mother for the three ensuing days. She was agitated by contending hopes and fears. In the night she awoke from sleep, seeming to hear the screams of her child calling upon its mother for help! But the time wore away—and the third day came. How slowly did the hours pass! The morning waned away—noon arrived—and the afternoon was now far advanced: yet the sachem came not. There was gloom over the whole household. The mother was pale and silent, as if despair was setting coldly around her heart. Judge W. walked to and fro, going every few minutes to the door, and looking through the opening in the forest, toward the sachem's abode.

At last, as the rays of the setting sun were thrown upon the tops of the forest around, the eagle feathers of the chieftain were seen dancing above the bushes in the distance. He advanced rapidly, and the little boy was at his side. He was gaily attired as a young chief—his feet being dressed in moccasins; a fine beaver skin was over his shoulder, and eagle's feathers were stuck in his hair. He was in excellent spirits, and so proud was he of his honors, that he seemed two inches taller than before. He was soon in his mother's arms, and in that brief minute, she seemed to pass from death to life. It was a happy meeting—too happy for me to describe.

'The white man has conquered!' said the sachem; hereafter let us be friends. You have trusted the Indian; he will repay you with confidence and friendship.' He was as good as his word, and Judge W. lived there many years, laying the foundation of a flourishing and prosperous community.

A PURITAN RELIC.

On Sunday, the 6th ult., was baptised in this city, by Rev. William Adams, an infant, named *John Cotton*—the young pilgrim being enveloped in a blanket brought over by the Rev. John Cotton, the nonconformist, in 1633, and in which he himself, his son Seaborn, born on the voyage, his daughter, the wife of President Increase Mather, his grandson Cotton Mather, and a host of descendants, have, in their different generations, been carried to the baptismal font.

In a memoir of Elder Abner Jones, by his son A. D. Jones, the following interesting incident is related.

'I had just risen from my knees, when my wife appeared at the door, all unconscious of the struggle which was going on within me, and ushered a gentleman into my study. His whole appearance was of that shabby genteel which betokens a broken-down gentleman, and from the first moment of beholding him, I took him to my confidence, as unfortunate but not debased. 'Sir,' said he, 'I am a stranger to you, and you are utterly so to me, save that I once heard you preach in ——. My home is in that place—if indeed I may now claim a home. I sailed from that port nearly a year since, with all my earthly possessions embarked in a promising adventure. My ship fell into the hands of the enemy and I became a prisoner and my property of course became lawful plunder. After suffering many hardships and much indignity, I effected my escape on board a vessel bound to St. John. From that place to this I have worked my way along with incredible fatigue and pain. I have suffered much from hunger, cold and wet, and have slept many a night in one word, Sir, *penniless*, and altogether too much worn down to proceed further without aid. I have friends in ——, to whom I am pressing on as fast as I can, and who will relieve my necessities when I reach them. I am an utter stranger in your town, and you are the only person I ever knew or saw in the whole place. I cannot beg, and I feel entirely reluctant to ask a loan of an utter stranger.'

'Here was a struggle. *I* was poor, *very* poor; but here was one poorer than I. I had a hungry family to feed—so had he, and more, a heart-broken one, who were even now mourning him as dead. I could hesitate no longer. I thrust my hand mechanically into my pocket, and pulling out my last dollar, which I pressed upon the unfortunate mariner—for he could hardly be persuaded to take it, when he knew how low my finances were,—I blessed him in God's name, and he left me with no words of thanks; but I knew that, had I from a *full* purse bestowed a liberal sum, he could not have *felt* more grateful.

When he had gone, and absolute hunger for me and mine, stared me full in the face, I began to doubt the propriety of my act in taking the very bread from my children's mouths to feed a stranger. But it was now too late to repent. The last dollar was gone and my children must go dinnerless and supperless to bed. For myself I cared nothing, but how would my *family* bear this unusual fasting? I seized my hat and cane, and rushed into the street to escape from my own thoughts, which had become too painful to endure. I knew not—cared not whither I should bend my steps.

As I walked moodily and mechanically on, 'thinking o'er all the bitterness' of my situation, suddenly the thought came into my mind:—'why should I despond? Have I ever gone hungry, even for a day—me and mine? Has not the Lord provided hitherto? And will he not in time to come?—in the *present* time?' I had scarcely concluded this soliloquy, when one of my neighbors, whom I knew to be a Universalist, and whom I had occasionally seen at our meetings—the members of his family came frequently—accosted me with, 'good morning, Mr. Jones. I have been thinking for some time past that I ought to discharge a debt I owe you.' I was not aware, I replied, that you had incurred such an obligation. 'O, but I have,' said he, 'my family goes occasionally to hear you preach, and once in a while I go myself. Now as the laborer is worthy of his hire, and as I wish no man to labor for me without pay, I beg you will accept this trifle as in part a liquidation of the debt.

The '*trifle*,' was a five dollar note, which I received with feelings, that I will not mock by attempting to describe. I returned to my house, and after again falling on my knees, humbled under a sense of my want of confidence in God, and grateful for his goodness to me, all unworthy as I felt myself to be; I sallied forth to the market, and soon came back laden with the things necessary to our comfort.

RELIGIOUS INSTITUTIONS AT LOWELL.

But we hasten to speak of the religious interests of Lowell. There are in the city twenty religious societies, each of which supports a regular clergyman, viz., three Orthodox, two Episcopalian, two Catholic, three Methodist, two Freewill Baptist, and one Unitarian.

Since the time here alluded to, church after church has been collected, and house after house erected; and now Lowell enjoys an amount of religious instruction fully adequate to all her wants. It is believed that the number of persons who attend public worship here on the Sabbath, is greater, in proportion to the population, than in the other cities and towns in New England; though, at the same time, it must be confessed that no city or town has much to boast of in this respect. Our streets on the Sabbath are remarkably orderly and quiet, and on Sunday evening there is none of that noise and tumult which we have sometimes witnessed in other places.

Our clergy are talented and faithful men, and are ready for every good word and work. They all labor with zeal and ability to sustain the high moral character which the city at present bears. Let us state a single fact to show the union of spirit and effort for which they are distinguished. Last year, they were invited to deliver lectures on temperance on successive Sabbath evenings in the City Hall. *Every clergyman* in the city consented to perform his part of the duty, and the immense audiences which they addressed, are the best proof of the ability with which the work was done.

With all the churches are connected Sabbath schools, most of which are large and flourishing. The greater part of them are furnished with well selected and useful libraries. The superintendents and teachers appear to be animated with an earnest desire to prepare their pupils faithfully to discharge the duties of life, and at length to enjoy the happiness of heaven.—*Ladies' Pearl.*

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